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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . .	289	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (<i>continued</i>):		REVIEWS:	
LEADING ARTICLES:		The Right Spirit of Games. By H. W.		The Great Dictionary . . .	302
Trade Unionism and Politics . . .	292	Forster, M.P.	298	Sir Gerald Graham . . .	303
Un Petit Panama	293	Belief that Survives Proof . . .	299	Selected Verse	304
The Condition of Hyde Park . . .	294	CORRESPONDENCE:		The Real Armenia	306
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		Pan-Americanisms. By John Harold .	300	NOVELS	307
American Railway Development.—V.		Elementary Education. By Frank J.		NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS . . .	308
United States Methods	295	Adkins	301	THEOLOGICAL NOTICES . . .	308
Moret at the Market	296	Mrs. Humphry Ward as Preface-Writer	302	THE SEPTEMBER REVIEWS . . .	309
Cornish Sketches.—I. At Fowey . .	297	The Irish Members	302	FRENCH LITERATURE	310

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It cannot be said that the effects of Lord Kitchener's Proclamation are as yet considerable; nor are they likely to be till the very eve of the fifteenth; but the statistics of surrenders for the four weeks ending on 2 September are satisfactory. In the first of the four weeks there were 85 surrenders, in the next 95, in the next 185 and in the last 127. Although the number in the last week is a decrease on that of the previous week the reduction of men in the field and accidental variation may well account for the diminution, while the general increase of surrenders as the war continues is a fact whose significance cannot be disregarded. Apart from the chasing of Scheepers' marauding commando in Cape Colony and the capture of Lotter's commando near Pietersburg after some sharp fighting in which the enemy lost 19 killed and 114 prisoners the only events of the week have been the wrecking of trains. The death of Colonel Vandeleur whilst gallantly directing his men during the attack on the disabled train in a cutting on the Pretoria-Pietersburg line has cost us a young officer of exceptional promise. Apparently the attack was led by the notorious Hinton. Such incidents as these, equally purposeless and brutal, will secure support for the views of the Army League in advocating the adoption of methods similar to those employed by the North in the American Civil War. "You may", said General Sherman, "order all your post and district commanders that guerillas are not soldiers, but wild beasts, unknown to the usage of war. To be recognised as soldiers they must be enlisted, enrolled, officered, uniformed, armed, and equipped by some recognised belligerent Power".

Speculation has been very busy over the arrest of Dr. Krause who is cited as a fugitive offender from South Africa. Everything that has been heard of Dr. Krause has been to his credit. He was in authority at Johannesburg when Lord Roberts was on the point of entering and it fell to him formally to hand over the keys. He earned the high commendation of Lord Roberts for the efficient manner in which he had kept order in the town and for his good work in protecting the mines. In Johannesburg where he was Public Prosecutor he had the reputation among extremists of leaning overmuch towards British sympathies. He is a

member of the British Bar and well known as a constant frequenter of the Middle Temple Library and Common Room and was at the time of his arrest preparing a case. He was charged in the Extradition Court at Bow Street, but only formal evidence to justify arrest was produced. It is understood that he was arrested on telegraphic information from Africa that a warrant had been issued in the Transvaal, and it may therefore be some time before his case is heard. The charge is one of high treason and bail was necessarily refused. The trial, whenever it takes place, will be of immense interest to lawyers for the light it will throw on the special working of the Roman-Dutch law.

The meeting of the Chamber of Commerce at Nottingham represented, it is to be hoped, the same interests as the assembly at Swansea. Both were concerned with the prosperity of British trade, and though Capital was chiefly represented at Nottingham and Labour at Swansea it is well to remember that the two interests should be identical. Lord Avebury's speech has been much commended, chiefly for the reason that he said nothing which was open to criticism: the whole world might subscribe to the bulk of his platitudes. He smote the grumblers vigorously because English exports have increased. He did not stay to examine the details of that increase. But it is well to remember that this habit of grumbling prematurely keeps at bay what Lord Avebury confessed was the chief danger to progress; a desire to rest on the past, to let well alone. The obstinacy of manufacturers in not adapting themselves to the wishes of foreign clients and the insufficiency of commercial education—a phrase that contradicts itself—have been insisted on as cardinal sins at every commercial discussion for years.

By far the most novel and important contribution to the subject was Mr. Strebel's speech on Free Trade. It would certainly have been cheered at Swansea. As contrasted with the optimistic platitudes of Lord Avebury his contention that our past pre-eminence was due less to Free Trade than to free institutions and national character was trenchant and refreshing. Whatever respect we may hold for the principle of Free Trade, which it is usual to regard as above criticism, it is indisputable that many of the nations, which are rapidly becoming dangerous competitors, are convinced Protectionists. If England flourished by the establishment of freedom in trade, Germany is flourishing, and at our expense, by modified Protection. Our shipping returns are diminished and, at any rate in respect of machinery, we have lost altogether our old predominance. There is matter for thought in this and, though Mr. Strebel did not put his motion to the vote, even the most

dogmatic free-trader must have recognised the soundness of his argument against rigidity of dogma in the creed of a commercial nation.

Mr. Ritchie (speaking at a dinner given to the Nottingham Chamber of Commerce), to some extent corroborated the unreal optimism of Lord Avebury. He should at least have pointed out that the increase of 28 millions in our exports was due chiefly to the demand for coal, a commodity of which we can ill afford to be prodigal, whatever its price. His testimony to the value of the commercial work of the Colonial Office was satisfactory, but it is of little use our consuls sending special information from all over the world if merchants take so small advantage of the increased knowledge. Nor does the increase of facilities for acquiring knowledge of foreign trade bear on the question of free trade which Mr. Ritchie was discussing. Mr. Chamberlain has called himself a patriot before a free-trader, and Mr. Ritchie in spite of his expressed horror at the suggestion of an upheaval of our fiscal policy gave indications that he had no great reverence for the dogma of free trade. There was no suggestion in Mr. Strebel's speech of a fiscal revolution; his point of view was rather that it is time to test our formulæ by the light of recent events, not to reverence the free-trade principle because the country has been prosperous in the past. Few principles are not the better for qualifications.

Either the serious questions raised for trade unions by the Taff Vale Railway case, or the Amended Standing Orders of the Trade Union Congress, had the good effect of bringing the proceedings at Swansea from the clouds into the region of solid facts. Darwinism, and evolution, and the society of the future as conceived by a worthy Huddersfield operative, were replaced by questions affecting the existence and the every-day interests of trade unions and workmen. When the Congress met its Parliamentary report reproduced the first feelings of alarm with which the Taff Vale case was received. The discussions however which took place rather point to the fact that Unionists will rapidly accommodate themselves to the inevitable and find out things are not so bad as they seemed. There was no suggestion that an agitation should be raised to override the decision by legislation. That is seen to be an impossible course. The unions have been very suddenly forced into a position which could not have been totally unexpected in view of their increasing power. Formal incorporation, with consequent full legal rights and responsibilities, is the logical outcome of the history of unionism.

The voting on the motion to establish a Court for the settlement of disputes by "Compulsory Conciliation"—a quaint phrase—proves, whatever may be said of the wisdom of rejecting this method of settling trade disputes, that trade unionists do not believe the power of the unions has been destroyed by the Lords' decision. The keynote of the opposition in every speech was that the independent action of the unions would be lost, and that the power of the strike is to be preferred to a court whose constitution must inevitably be suspect. That suspicion is very much to be regretted but there it is: and it was in vain that Mr. Ben Tillett quoted his own experience of New Zealand as showing the success of State Courts in trade disputes from the workmen's point of view. It is very curious by the way that so trusted a unionist leader as Mr. Tillett should have given such emphatic evidence as this, which is absolutely contradictory to the alleged views of Mr. Seddon as to arbitration in that very colony.

The conjunction of the Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons for combined manœuvres will probably allow of some important problems being solved. It is not often in these days that eighteen battleships are collected together in one fleet, and it remains to be seen whether such a number can be conveniently handled. It is not so much the number, for in former times fleets were much larger, as the speed of modern ships which makes officers doubtful whether the squadron of twelve

ironclads, allowing two divisions of six and four subdivisions of three vessels, is not the most effective organisation. The remainder would then be formed into a second or reserve fleet. It is unfortunate that these two squadrons have attached to them such a small number of cruisers. The last two years' naval manœuvres have indicated that efficient scouting in naval operations is most important, and that more systematic training as well as practice is required in this operation. The most diverse types are now employed on this work from the destroyer to the 12,000-ton cruiser. The best system of naval scouting is yet to be evolved. The question of the strength of our Mediterranean Squadron is not so simple as it seems. If France elects to keep the whole of her ironclads at Toulon are we to maintain a superior force within the Straits of Gibraltar? If we reduced the Mediterranean and strengthened the Home Squadron would not the presence of the latter within a few days' steam safeguard our interests in the Mediterranean even if the small squadron there was temporarily shut up in port or even destroyed?

The quarrel between Turkey and France has advanced a diplomatic stage. Munir Bey has been told that his presence in Paris has no further object. The gravity of the official announcement may be estimated by the effect it produced on the Bourse where there was an immediate and serious fall in Ottoman Bonds. For the next step which will probably be military rather than diplomatic we shall perhaps not have long to wait. It is already rumoured that several French ships are being prepared with a view to a demonstration and there is a suggestion that the Sporades Islands will be occupied. The Kaiser is said to have refused to intervene, but though the Sultan will get no support in Europe he will probably not give way till the use of force is definitely threatened. The internal troubles of Turkey and the unrest along the Servian frontier may help to give the Sultan an appreciation of the precarious state of his position.

Prince Chun after the rather undignified delay at Bâle has duly performed his expiatory ceremony. In a scene of extravagant and almost theatrical gloom he read an apologetic letter from the Emperor of China. The Kaiser replied to the letter and Prince Chun's short speech in a tone of dignified asperity. It was perhaps inevitable that the scene should strike many people as a little ludicrous: there was the suggestion of a parent scolding a naughty child; and yet the Kaiser put the right point when he explained that the mission was a farce unless in the future the Chinese Government acted "in conformity with the prescriptions of international law and the usages of civilised nations". The Kaiser was to some extent speaking on behalf of Europe and his stern refusal to let officials pay any ceremony to Prince Chun until the apology was exacted will probably have a greater effect on the Chinese mind than will be appreciated by Europeans. The apology couched in terms of Eastern indefiniteness did not recognise the truth which the Kaiser brought out that rulers are personally responsible for the misdeeds of their countrymen.

Mr. McKinley's speech at the Pan-American Exhibition is worth the serious consideration of such unreasoning optimists as Lord Avebury, or even Mr. Ritchie. When exhibitions or congresses prefix "Pan" to their titles, "tall-talking" is expected and Mr. McKinley, who understands as well as any man the art of popularity, did not prune his optimistic periods. But it must be allowed that he did not go much beyond the measure of arithmetic and he had the skill to suggest that obligations expand along with prosperity. It has been already pointed out that there were remarkable parallels between his recommendations and the recent speeches of the German Emperor. The insistence by both on the need of more merchant ships, more ships of war points to a not distant time when the "argosies" of the two countries shall "grapple" with each other. Mr. McKinley's emphasis on the value of an isthmian canal indicates also the quarter of the

world in which the commercial battle will be principally fought. The regulation of the trade of a country is now being taken from individuals and put into the hands of Government: in this way at any rate socialism is progressing, and may be accepted; but when the encouragement to trade takes the aggressive form of the Monroe doctrine it is time for other Governments to interfere.

The internal revolutions in Colombia and Venezuela and the threatened outbreak of war between the two countries would have little interest for Europe if it were not for the action of the United States. The Government has already offered to arbitrate and it may well be that it will soon insist on arbitrating. The very offer of arbitration has been regarded even in America as a definite extension of the Monroe doctrine. If Europe gives the States a free hand in this matter, the arbitrator will imitate the umpire in the fable and settle the quarrel by the simple process of absorption. A chief cause of the disputes between Colombia and Venezuela is the desire among many citizens of the two republics that they should be amalgamated, as earlier in their history, into one republic. It is too probable that the States would be thoroughly opposed to any confederation of power in South America. European interests in South America increase every year and the Government at Washington are not likely to lose valuable time in asserting on their own behalf the plausible principle of "geographical gravitation".

Cuba seems to be prospering under American control. This we glean not from an American source but from a report by Mr. Lionel Carden, the British Consul-General in Cuba. The island is going ahead now much as Egypt has gone ahead under British auspices. Capital is apparently finding its way to Cuba in entire confidence as to the stability and integrity of the Government, and there can be practically no limit to the prosperity of a country of which, we are told, 97 per cent. of the male inhabitants over fifteen years of age are engaged in some profitable occupation. Cuba under American guidance and with the assistance of American protective tariffs, will add to the woes of British sugar-producing colonies. The Cuban planter is adopting up-to-date methods of business and manufacture, in which the West Indies have perhaps been lacking. In any case he will enjoy fiscal advantages which are unknown to the British colonies. Tobacco, however, will be Cuba's mainstay, and Great Britain promises to be her best customer. Of the 209 million cigars exported last year, over 94 million were bought by Great Britain or British possessions. The United States will naturally see that they get the lion's share of Cuban trade, but there is plenty of room for British traders if they are alive to their opportunities.

So far as the telegraphic summary of the Indian Famine Report goes the inquiry does not seem to have evoked much original discovery or suggestion. In spite of relief, administered with unexampled and sometimes excessive liberality, there has been in places abnormal mortality not from starvation but from diseases inevitably induced by famine conditions. The railways have been overtaxed either in carrying capacity or rolling stock or both, by the carriage of food grain to the affected districts. Village relief affords the most useful employment for famine labour, special control is indispensable and relief wages should be limited to subsistence scale. The chief interest of the report seems to centre round the alleged tendency of Land Revenue systems to intensify the effects of famine. In this respect the systems in question appear to come well out of the inquiry. Though the revenue collection lacks elasticity yet its incidence is pronounced moderate and the indebtedness of the peasantry ascribed to their own want of thrift and the absence of credit resources in the shape of agricultural banks or village credit associations. Irrigation should be extended and education developed to improve the intelligence and thrift of the agricultural community. All these conclusions are in entire accordance with informed opinion already existing.

Difficulties on the Quetta-Nushki trade route between India and Persia are again brought to notice by a telegram from Simla. Incidentally they draw public attention to the dominant influence which Russia has established over the finances and administration of Persia and to her designs on the Gulf. The last Russian loan to Persia gave her control of the customs along the land frontiers and have put her in a position accordingly to cripple the growing trade from Quetta to Seistan. In addition to this obstruction she can at pleasure constrain the Persian authorities to impede the traffic by vexatious quarantine as she did during the plague scare some time ago. The moral effect on Indian traders is mischievous and may prove far reaching. Meanwhile Russian surveyors have been prospecting the line of country which would connect the Trans-Caspian railway with the Gulf and may falsify Holdich's verdict of its impracticability. A subsidised Russian line is running from Odessa to the Gulf ports to establish vested interests while Arab dhows carry the French tricolor into the same waters and German influence is steadily working down to Baghdad and Koweit. All this is the natural outcome of a timid policy irresolutely directed. The "Times" seems fairly to reflect the position of the British Government in the impotent confession that it can offer no decided opinion on this very large and momentous question. The same want of a declared policy will eventually lead to worse difficulties in Afghanistan.

The announcement in the London Gazette of the appointment of a Royal Commission on Tuberculosis is entirely satisfactory. It is a fashion in these times to make light of Royal Commissions and to accuse governments which favour such inquiries of a desire to shelve big and awkward questions. Certainly Royal Commissions are slow and cautious in their methods; but then they are thorough, which is a great virtue in an age prone to rush through and scamp much of its work. No doubt by the time the Commission on Tuberculosis has its report ready, Dr. Koch's latest theory will scarcely be worth a hidden-away paragraph much less a heavily leaded column in the press. All the better. By then we shall be able to look for commonsense instead of sensationalism. Whoever took the initiative in starting this Commission did no doubt a very obvious and simple thing, but none the less a very wise one. It is just the obvious and simple steps which Governments have a way of neglecting, as they learn to their cost too late. With the Professors of Pathology at Cambridge, London and Liverpool Universities, the Professor of Physiology at Cambridge, and the Professor of Bacteriology at the Royal Veterinary College, the new Commission is assuredly as strong in science and experience as need be. The reference is not less satisfactory. In effect the Commission will consider whether the disease which animals and man suffer from is the same disease, whether it can be transmitted from one to the other, and if so what the conditions are which help or resist such transmission. To object to the wording of the Royal Sign Manual on the ground that men are themselves animals would be perhaps mere literary fastidiousness.

Both the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London wrote to express their goodwill towards the great Methodist Ecumenical Conference that is assembled in London, but the messages were not read to the conference, as the Chairman suggested, since they had come through the medium of a paper. Happily the Wesleyans have not departed far from the spirit of their founder and John Wesley was a loyal churchman. The fact that he was driven by the attitude of the Church to form a separate ecclesiastical body may be regarded as an accident; the partial severance was no essential part of his philosophy. Since that time the Church of England has been much more nearly in sympathy with the Wesleyans than with any other body of Dissenters. There has seemed no reason, except the astonishing practical difficulty of effecting such small changes, why they should not have come back into the Church when the accidental circumstances of the separation no longer operated.

The first day's debate was almost entirely devoted to the discussion of the progress of Methodism all over the Empire.

Archdeacon Pelham Burn, whose sudden death from heart failure while climbing in the Tyrol is reported, was of the class of Churchmen that is happily becoming more numerous amongst us—the class of which Westcott was the shining example. He will be terribly missed in the Norwich diocese, where he was a great power for good upon all social questions. As chairman of the most important Board of Guardians in the Eastern counties, he has done much to humanise poor-law administration in Norfolk; while his work as an educationist will live after him. But, with all his social and administrative activities, he was none the less the scholarly ecclesiastic and keen churchman. The pity of it is that his work still lay so much before him; for he was a comparatively young man, and would have gone far in attainment had he been spared to us. We join in the general sympathy and regret which his untimely death has called forth.

Mr. Auberon Herbert's long letter in the "Times" on Tuesday on the men of the Old-Stone Age—the Palæolithic men Lord Avebury in an unfortunate moment thought of calling them—was a brilliant piece of writing and of singular interest. Mr. Herbert is no *Toison d'Or*—too learned to be intelligible. He has the rare gift of being able to write of archæology in such a way as to make himself clear to those who know little of the subject, and yet not write in the popular style which some naturalists and astronomers use. He has been examining certain gravel beds about Ringwood which have long been known to contain some implements of the Old-Stone men who may have existed a matter of eighty thousand or a matter of two hundred and forty thousand years ago—Geikie's theory would favour the former date, Lyell's the latter. Hitherto it has been supposed that the Old-Stone implements are infinitely scarcer in this country than those of the New-Stone Age; and, if we recollect aright, Mr. Stevens' discovery of only several chipped-flint tools—keeping congenial company with a mammoth's molar—at S. Mary Bourne in the other end of Mr. Herbert's county, was considered a decidedly important one. But now Mr. Herbert comes out with the announcement that a long and deep bed of gravel, which he has examined in parts, is almost entirely composed of stones worked by these inhabitants of Britain, compared with whom the earliest Kelts and Belgæ seems to be of yesterday. He believes indeed that we shall not look in vain for these worked stones among a heap of gravel by the roadside or on an uncrushed garden path. This is archæology brought very near home.

Money was abundant at the opening of the week but rates have since hardened somewhat in consequence of the demand for the payment on new Consols. The Bank return of Thursday disclosed a shrinkage in the total reserve of £633,000 chiefly due to the usual outflow of gold to the provinces. The resultant of the various changes is a slight decrease in the proportion to 53 per cent. The funds have relapsed during the week, opening at 94½, and declining to 93½, a result mostly attributable to the lack of investments and to the probable issue of a loan for New South Wales of about £4,000,000. The low American Exchange will doubtless induce shipments of gold to New York and with harder money no immediate rise in Consols is looked for. The Stock Markets have generally been inactive. American Rails have had a rally which has not been sustained and dealings appear to be still confined to professional hands—with a better Bank statement in New York however, prices would probably move upward next month. The steelworkers' strike continues to act as a drag on the market and there does not appear to be any immediate hope of a settlement. The Westralian market showed signs of a renewal of activity but with no outside support it is unlikely to continue. The other markets have been dull and without interest, except for the improvement in De Beers. Consols 93½. Bank rate 3 per cent. (13 June 1901).

TRADE UNIONISM AND POLITICS.

LAST year when the Trades Union Congress was held at Huddersfield, a Mr. Pickles, who was its President, made himself and it a little ridiculous by delivering a discourse on subjects which nobody could blame him for not understanding, however surprising it might be that he had had the complacent ignorance to choose them. The Congress has been too much at the mercy of this pretentiousness of the local spouter who pulls the wires of the local trade councils, and hopes to make a sensation amongst the visitors by a tremendous splashing about amongst recondite subjects with which neither his own nor their mental training has made them competent to deal. It says much for the common sense of those who have the direction of the affairs of the Congress that they have recognised that this could no longer go on without dissolving its proceedings in laughter. This year, under the Amended Standing Orders, the Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee for the time being is to be the Chairman of the Congress, and we dare say that in future this will prevent the recurrence of the foolish spectacle of which we have been speaking. Trades Unionists like other people who desire reforms find out, and they find it out the sooner the more sensible they are, that the formulæ of party politics and social and economical text-books will not carry them very far. A theory is all very well, but to be constantly bawling out that you have discovered one which shows that society is all wrong never carries practical reforms any further. It is as sterile as the perpetual iteration of the doctrine of original sin was in the sermons of a dead and gone school of theologians. The effective method for any class who desire to make their conditions better is to understand what they wish altered. This in the midst of a society of conflicting interests, which is not going to allow itself to be hurried, is a hard enough task even for the smartest trade-union officials, and when they have done that there is still no time for rhetoric when means have to be considered and organisations to be formed for carrying out what they desire. The Parliamentary Committee of the Congress is at least in practical relation with the facts of everyday life. It is somewhat in the position of the labour member who is returned to Parliament, and becomes more sober because he finds out that things are ever so much more complicated than he dreamed.

There is evidence of this greater sobriety in the President's address of this year. His topics were all drawn from the actual circumstances in which trades unionism finds itself at present; and if his remarks on the Taff Vale Railway case showed that trades unionism is in difficulties to which he could contribute no useful solution, that only shows what we have said that facts are often hard enough to deal with; and encumbering oneself with theories is superfluous labour. But there still remains so much of the theorist in Mr. Bowerman as is implied in the political party colouring of his address. It might have been supposed that recent events have made it clear that working-men are not party politicians as Mr. Bowerman seems still to think they are. But labour leaders are less wise than their constituents, and follow blindly an obsolete tradition that people in their position must be Radicals. If, as Mr. Bowerman complains, the results of the last elections were detrimental to the cause of labour because labour workers were rejected by working-class constituencies, the simple explanation is that working-men would not be party politicians as the labour candidates were. They would not vote against the Government on the war merely because the men who invited them to do so sought their support as labour members. The desirability in the interests of labour of the return of labour members is an appeal which may well be made to working-men, but it is confusing two quite distinct things when they are asked to return them to Parliament because they can be relied on to vote against a Conservative Government. Nor is Mr. Bowerman's criticism of the Government for having "disregarded matters affecting the social and industrial welfare of the masses" at all more intelligent. His suggestion is that this alleged disregard has been due to the fact that a Conservative Government as such has been in

office. The people whom he is addressing will not believe him. They have found out the thinness of this banal kind of party shouting and will not be moved by it. Supporters of the Government themselves are not without their own grounds of complaint on account of the helplessness it has shown in dealing with domestic legislation. The Education Bill is a case in point; but we do not conclude from the present Government's history in regard to it that therefore a Tory Government is in the nature of things unfit to deal with education. The merely temporary causes which have to a considerable extent, we admit, made the record of the Government in such matters disappointing must be taken into account in any reasonable criticism of their labour legislation. What pretence is there for giving a party complexion to it when to the account of the Conservative Government is to be placed the Factory and Workshop Amendment Bill of the recent session and the Workmen's Compensation Act? There is no item in any labour programme which is not, to say the least, as likely to be passed by a Tory Government as a Liberal or Radical one. If the question of fundamental, industrial and economic changes is raised then the Liberal party has less and not more of a general conception of such changes than the Tory party if we except certain sections of its less intelligent adherents.

But by far the most unfair of the attempts made by Mr. Bowerman to identify the interests of labour with Radicalism was his treatment of the decision of the House of Lords in the Taff Vale Railway case. Would he have the audacity, or be sufficiently ignorant, to argue that if a Liberal Government had been in power the decision would have been different on that account? In an article in this Review at the time we expressed a strong opinion that the judgment bore the marks of having been arrived at as an expression of the judges' opinion upon a question of public policy; and we thought it a dangerous example of judge-made law. But that is quite different from the idea which Mr. Bowerman conveys in using the phrase "semi-political" by which he insinuates that the judges were making themselves the instrument of a political party and that party the Conservative. He might as well so describe the judgment of Lord Low in the Scottish Court of Session which has, contrary to what was the general opinion some years ago, decided that the property of the Free Church of Scotland may be taken over by the United Churches. A legislative proposal in the sense of the House of Lords' decision would have had as little chance of passing into law even in the present House of Commons against which Mr. Bowerman inveighs as in a Liberal house; for neither party would have ventured to raise such a question. A Radical Government could not have prevented the decision and we doubt, taking Mr. Bowerman's own statement as to the differences of opinion amongst trade unionists, whether it would interfere with it. Historically the imperfect status of trade unions was conferred upon them in consequence of Parliamentary timidity and dislike of granting them the full privileges of corporations. Now they have got them, with corresponding liabilities, by judicial decision it is quite possible that further reflection will convince trade unionists that taking advantages and disadvantages together they are not worse off than they were before. The Counsel of the Parliamentary Committee has already advised that there is great advantage from their new status in being able to sue say a vindictive employer, who might try to break up or otherwise injure a union for his own benefit: the union as such now having an action against such an employer. In regard to illegal picketing, the new responsibility for which is said to be fatal to the action of the unions in strikes, the decision has not altered the law in that respect. The law as to picketing was on the statute book before the decision. If the law makes acts illegal that ought to be considered legitimate the unions have a case for its alteration; but it is a curious perversion of argument to contend that their position ought not to have been altered because such acts will for the future be more effectually suppressed in consequence of the alteration. It may be reckoned one of the good results of the decision that it will lead the unions to raise actions, as they

seem to be contemplating, in order to review the question of picketing. They may possibly be crying out before they are hurt, as it is the nature of many besides trade unionists to do; and those who do not like trade unions are possibly over-jubilant at the infliction of the imaginary suffering. To find the sympathies of Radical politicians overflowing in such circumstances would be no novelty; but why should the Tory party be identified with the others? That is only the *idée fixe* of the labour leader who has not yet freed himself from the Radical slough which the majority of working-men have cast off long ago.

UN PETIT PANAMA.

NEXT to the pleasure of giving good advice comes the pleasure of finding it followed. Last year we drew attention to the menace of the Jibuti Railway. A French company had obtained the sole right of constructing a line from the outlet of the Red Sea to the capital of Abyssinia. Financial intrigues made its progress very slow and experts agreed that, even if the work were ever brought to a conclusion, the available trade offered no hope of dividends. The French press reiterated gilded descriptions of a land flowing with milk and honey, when speculators wished to unload their shares; the same channels poured forth narratives of disaster, native outrages, and Ethiopian chicanery, when the same speculators desired to buy back the same shares for next to nothing. The manoeuvres answered well enough for a time, but the hucksters over-reached themselves, long-suffering investors began to inquire and examine, suspicions were followed by revelations, and the whole affair was denounced as a revised version of Panama. Then came a fresh aspect: the railway was indeed doomed to commercial failure, Harrar trade, already insufficient to remunerate, was diminished and brought low, Shoa was finding an outlet through the Sudan, provinces, gloriously luxuriant in a prospectus, proved barren and inhospitable deserts; but the line would still possess an enormous strategic importance. In the event of a disagreement between Abyssinia and Egypt, France could supply the Negus with plenty of artillery and ammunition; at the opening of the inevitable breach between England and France, our hereditary foe would be found to control the military avenue of East Africa. Already the merchants of Zaila were removing bag and baggage to Jibuti, which threatened to oust Aden as a naval station and place of call; our prestige with our faithful Somalis was likely to be undermined; our thoroughfare to India was capable of suffering a blockade. It was the golden opportunity of the French Government, which possessed all the advantages of priority, which could not have been questioned by any quibble, and which could only have been ousted by an act of war so aggressive that every civilised conscience must have declared against us. Happily, however, the French Government made no move. Either the speculators were strong enough to secure their game from disturbance; or else a peaceful ministry shrank from an act of vigour, which must have disconcerted our imperial serenity. The reasons are immaterial; we may well rest content with the fact that an unique opportunity was allowed to pass, never to return.

Meanwhile, our duty, as this Review pointed out, was unmistakable. For commercial no less than for strategic reasons, a railway from Berbera towards Addis Ababa, or at any rate towards Harrar, was imperative. Let us first consider the commercial aspect. None of the arguments against a successful Jibuti line are applicable against a remunerative enterprise initiated at Berbera. The arid districts between Harrar and Jibuti or Zaila are populated by poor nomads, whose chief subsistence is derived from the lease of their baggage-camels. Supplant these by a railway and their masters are immediately reduced to the brink of starvation. Being among the most intelligent of the black races of Africa, the Somali tribesmen saw at once how grave a danger confronted them. They tore up rails and bridges, slew workmen

and surveyors, besieged outposts and soon made it clear that a railway would never be safe unless the whole two hundred miles of line could be permanently picketed by a substantial army. The French authorities called a palaver and obtained an armistice from the tribesmen by a promise of money. But with short-sighted parsimony they withheld most of the stipulated sums, and the natives, feeling themselves betrayed, redoubled their aggression. Then the French, unable to cope with the culprits, had recourse to reprisals upon the persons and property of peaceful friendlies, the obvious consequence being that they increased the number of their enemies. It became clearer and clearer that the contiguous tribesmen were irreconcilable in their attitude towards a Jibuti railway. But no difficulty of this sort is to be anticipated for the Berbera district, where the tribesmen never hire out their camels and would, on the contrary, find a railway of the utmost assistance in conveying their merchandise to market. This enterprise would not depend for its reward upon the dwindling trade of Harrar, but would tap fresh districts of marvellous fertility and open up the boundless riches of Ogaden. Moreover, the essential part of the line lies within the borders of British Somaliland and no question can arise as to concessions from foreign potentates.

So much for the commercial aspect. Now for the strategic. No great effort would be required to turn Berbera into one of the finest ports of the world, far finer than Jibuti can ever hope to become, and with a railway from Berbera to Harrar, or even only to Jigjiga, we should be able to hold our own against any machinations of the French by way of Jibuti. It would of course be still more satisfactory if we could either obtain the abandonment of the Jibuti line or take the control of it into our own hands, if only on the lines of our success in the matter of the Suez Canal. Then we might indeed consider ourselves secure in the control of all North-Eastern Africa. For a long time it seemed as though we could only do this by plunging into a war with France and it was an open question how far our embarrassments would justify us in contemplating such a step. But now the knot seems to have been cut peacefully and English companies have secured the Jibuti line in the ordinary way of business, with the power and intention of constructing the needful line from Berbera into the interior. No doubt further details will shortly be made public. In the meantime there is ample occasion for rejoicing in the news that so patriotic an enterprise has been made possible, and few people will be found to begrudge the hope that it may be rewarded with the meed of lucre, which it undoubtedly deserves.

THE CONDITION OF HYDE PARK.

HYDE PARK is no longer available for the use or delectation of self-respecting people. This magnificent expanse of ground, artistically disposed and richly wooded, has for its *raison d'être* the welfare and the health of London's enormous and ever-growing population. The parks of our metropolis have been rightly termed the lungs of London, but alas! their actual condition is now such that the air breathed in them is of the foulest nature. It is no exaggeration to state that two classes of people only can frequent Hyde Park under existing circumstances: they whose means enable them to ride and drive there, and the heterogeneous collection of rogues, vagabonds, thieves, miscreants and pariahs of both sexes whose sway is undisputed after nightfall and whose presence during the day has turned a beautiful landscape into a disgusting and offensive sight such as could not be witnessed in any civilised or uncivilised country. Hundreds of these wretched specimens, most of whom bear upon their distorted features the brand of slavery to alcoholism, take possession of the Park from 6 A.M. till midnight; they have no other summer residence, nor do they need one, for having earned enough to purchase the drink that gives oblivion and paralyses both mind and senses, their day's ambition is fulfilled: they can but wallow and sleep undisturbed.

There they will lie until the shades of night enable them once more to ply their hideous trade, owls and vampires of our highly cultured community, outcasts, savage and aggressive, hardened by drink, soured by a long career of vice and misery, ready to raise their hand against society because society will know them not. It is repulsive to lay stress upon the scenes witnessed daily in Hyde Park, and sad to have to state that the law of this country does not provide its police with the practical means of putting a stop to such a scandalous state of affairs. Yet, in the public interest, it seems necessary to draw the attention of London and those who administer it to so grave a scandal. We have taken the pains to make a personal study of it and at noon one day we counted thirty-two cases of drunkenness among women, and forty-five among men, all of whom were lying on the grass, some only partially dressed, some using fearful imprecations and obscene language of the foulest kind, while others were actually changing their underwear in broad daylight. The lowest type of nigger on the West coast of Africa would blush to act as they did, but London apparently must submit to such gruesome exhibitions, for the Metropolitan Police on duty in Hyde Park have no power to interfere with the type of savage who monopolises and defiles the fairest of our open spaces.

The Commissioner of Works is, we believe, the authority in power, for the Duke of Cambridge, though Chief Ranger, takes no part in the administration of the parks. It is obvious that the Commissioner of Police has not the necessary powers to enforce the respect of common decency over a large area which nominally is under his control, owing to some occult reason which we should like to know.

No one can deny that the present state of Hyde Park constitutes not only a grave scandal but a real danger to society. It is evident that the respectable classes are deprived of a playground to which they have every right. Such is the extent to which the monopoly of all those acres has been tacitly granted to the scum of the earth, that little children are summoned through their parents if they dare disturb the slumbers of the alcoholic pariah by playing nursery cricket with toy bat and ball. "Cricket is forbidden" say the regulations; therefore the little ones, whose bat is a piece of rough hewn wood and who bowl with a home-made paper ball are hunted from the park if they are caught at their nefarious game. On the one hand we see vice in its worst and most hideous forms granted a fee simple right over the length and breadth of our finest park; on the other, our little ones deprived of their innocent gambols and their indispensable exercise by the inexorable regulations and by the presence of monsters in human form.

It may be objected with some reason that such monsters are the natural outcome of our social condition, and that the present state of our parks is one of the many effects of the same cause. Such is indeed the case to a great extent and legislation of a social and economic order can only effectively deal with such problems. Just as the Vagrant Act of 1898 fell short of its purpose, leaving London at the mercy of a band of ruffians who live on the proceeds of sin and degradation, so the Police Laws and Regulations are unable to cope with that class of criminal which mainly infests the parks. We refer to the chronic or habitual vagabond who has at various times visited most of His Majesty's Penitentiary Establishments. Pending legislation which may to some extent stamp out vagrants by providing them with some other means of livelihood, we would ask if no means could be devised by which notorious characters of both sexes could be removed from the parks and open spaces under the control of Mr. Akers-Douglas? It is strange that all spaces under the control of the London County Council are singularly free from such eyesores as shock us in Hyde Park, while under the benevolent rule of the Commissioner of Works we are actually afraid to frequent the only grounds at the disposal of the heavily burdened ratepayer in the most fashionable and most expensive part of London. It is only a few weeks since a constable was murderously assaulted in Hyde Park and his cowardly assailant would still be at large were it not for the evidence of one of its habitués

who, like all her companions, was well known to the police. Many of these women have undergone as many as twenty terms of imprisonment as rogues and vagabonds, while in most cases their male accomplices are known to be dangerous criminals. The freedom of the subject will doubtless be invoked in behalf of such pariahs, and if such freedom must be conceded, why not endeavour at the same time to protect the freedom of honest and respectable people by assigning to the unclean and foul-mouthed a certain portion of this vast area wherein they could disport themselves at their leisure, leaving the remainder of the Park at the disposal of honest folk and their little ones who will thus not be shocked and sullied by the sights of repulsive vice which at present meet the eye at every turn in our fairest park?

Beneficent legislation can effect but little to the purpose with the class of miscreants who defile it; they want no home, they spurn salvation and would scorn the idea of obtaining an honest livelihood. Sentiment cannot be invoked when dealing with such a class; stern discipline alone can remove one of the greatest scandals that a civilised community is compelled to witness. We plead the cause of honest parents and of their little ones when we claim that our parks should be purified and cleansed. The rights of all citizens are grossly infringed upon when they can no longer enjoy in safety, moral or physical, the right of frequenting the oasis of this huge wilderness of brick and mortar.

AMERICAN RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

V.—UNITED STATES METHODS.

AMERICAN railways have from very early times possessed many distinctive features. As must almost always happen in opening up a new country it was before all things necessary to consider the question of cost, and transatlantic engineers soon realised that with the funds at their disposal it would be quite impossible to secure the solidity of construction favoured by their contemporaries in England. It was wisely held that a roughly-built line was better than none at all; and it became the practice to lay the track cheaply in the first instance, making no more use than was absolutely necessary of bridges, embankments and other works, and then later on gradually to renew it on a more substantial scale when the growth of the traffic had rendered such a course justifiable. A slight tendency was manifested amongst the original companies to adopt gauges of varying width, but it was perceived that vast though the country was its railways must eventually be connected with and dependent on one another, and the grave mistake of different systems, which has caused so much inconvenience in Australia, was fortunately avoided. Except in a few special cases, as on the branches of the Denver and Rio Grande Company in the Rockies, the English standard gauge (varied here and there by a fraction of an inch) is in use. This gauge, which across the Atlantic as at home was at first chosen more by accident than design, is too narrow to be really satisfactory under modern conditions; but its limitations are far less apparent in America than in England, for, though the actual distance between the rails is the same, all bridges and other obstructions are so dealt with that both laterally and vertically the employment of a much larger type of rolling stock is permissible. The cheap and rapid construction of railways was much facilitated by the practice which has prevailed for seventy years of mounting locomotives and cars upon swivelling bogie trucks. The bogie is said to have originated in England, but however this may be it has not been extensively used by our companies until more or less recent times, while on the other side of the water its virtues were at once appreciated. Vehicles fitted with it could be run with safety round the sharpest of curves; and, by the help of the compressed air brake, a later invention, they could be taken down the steepest of gradients. Hence it was found that the track of a railway could be laid with a minimum of expense and delay winding through and over the most difficult

country and always able to follow the line of least resistance.

In the history of English passenger traffic the most important event for persons of moderate means that has ever taken place was the determination of the Midland Company to convey passengers at parliamentary fares by all trains; for those in better circumstances the step which has done most to add to the comfort of travelling has been the introduction of sleeping and dining cars, luxuries for which we are indebted to America. The first recorded attempt to provide sleeping accommodation on railway journeys was made on the Cumberland Valley line—now a part of the Pennsylvania system—in the winter of 1836. A car was then put in service which was fitted up with transverse berths placed three deep one above the other; but the whole arrangement seems to have been very primitive and no real progress was made for another quarter of a century, until in 1858 Mr. Pullman, chancing, so the story goes, to spend an uneasy night in the train suddenly resolved to devote himself to the question whether a sleeping carriage could not be designed much superior to any then in use. He began by the alteration in the following year of some old cars belonging to the Chicago and Alton Company, and after long and careful experiments constructed in 1864 the "Pioneer", his first sleeping car. It was put to work on the Chicago and Alton line and soon became very popular. Three years later the great Pullman company was founded and a beginning was made with the organisation of intricate through services which have since been developed on a colossal scale. At the same time the Great Western Railway of Canada commenced running a "hotel car" in which passengers could obtain refreshments during the journey; and then in 1868 came the first fully equipped dining car, the Alton line being again selected for the starting of this improvement. Another advance with which Pullman must be credited was the introduction of an efficient vestibule connection between the cars which in its later form is made very wide. Without some contrivance of the kind our own corridor trains could never have been successful. The Siberian railway promises great things for the future, but the Pullman Limited expresses running in various parts of the United States, of which a pale reflection is seen in the train which works between Victoria and Brighton, have set a standard of travelling which up to the present has never been approached in any other part of the world.

Owing to the persistent refusal of the American courts to recognise as valid agreements for the maintenance of rates the railways have been driven by the pressure of competition to seek other roads to prosperity. The stronger companies such as the Pennsylvania have secured the control of weaker rivals by the process of buying large quantities of their stocks, and efforts which have been made everywhere to reduce expenses have led to improvements in locomotives, cars and methods of working, which even a decade ago would have seemed quite unattainable. The influence of these developments is gradually being felt in this country and more than one of our English companies, in view of the spell of adversity from which they are now suffering, have recently thought it worth while to send over officials to study them on the spot. But there must always be some difficulty in comparing the results of work done in different places under different conditions; and it is much to be regretted that when the Midland and other English lines decided a couple of years ago to obtain a number of locomotives from the United States they saw fit to limit their orders to goods engines only, and those of a type unusual in transatlantic practice. Had one or two express engines of genuine American design been imported and given a fair trial in competition with the best that England could produce, information of value to all parties must have been acquired. A unique opportunity was neglected; and it may in consequence be argued that the question whether the old or the new country has evolved the better means of propulsion is undetermined; but unfortunately there can be no question whatever that in the provision of adequate means for bringing moving trains to rest Britain is content to occupy a position

inferior to that of the United States, several of the colonies, and many other countries as well. From time to time serious accidents, resulting in the destruction of thousands of pounds' worth of property, occur on British railways owing to the fact that our freight traffic is still worked without the protection of any form of continuous brake. For the conveyance of minerals at any rate larger and more powerful engines are rapidly coming into favour and it seems probable that before long the normal train load will be nearly twice that which has been carried hitherto; but though the matter is daily becoming more urgent hardly a company has up to the present considered it worthy of attention.

Automatic couplings, which undoubtedly have certain advantages, have been much discussed in England during the last few years and they have in a few cases been tried experimentally; throughout North America they have long been taken as a matter of course. American railways, whether financially prosperous or not, provide a very uniform accommodation for passengers, and it would be unnecessary to review any of the companies individually. English travellers, who mostly enter the United States through the port of New York, are probably better acquainted with the New York Central than with any other line; for it is in the favoured position of being the only system which actually enters New York City, and by one of its routes to the West it gives an opportunity of seeing the Falls of Niagara. For the 143 miles to Albany, as far as from Paddington to Newport via the Severn Tunnel, the track keeps close to the side of the river Hudson. To this point the route originally belonged to the Hudson River Company which became part of the New York Central in 1869; the remaining section to Buffalo, nearly 300 miles long, forms the old New York Central proper, the company having been formed in 1853 by the amalgamation of a large number of local lines. A very high standard is maintained, and four lines of rails are provided so that fast and slow traffic can be kept entirely separate. In this connexion it is interesting to note that the London and North-Western Company where it has a quadruple track lays an up and a down line alternately; the London and South-Western lays two down lines on one side and two up on the other; while the New York Central prefers to lay the two down lines in the middle with an up on either side.

MORET AT THE MARKET.

THE time of day differs in Moret-sur-Loing; differs, also, in neighbouring villages. For miles around the clocks strike independently instead of in chorus, so that it is ten at the station when it is ten minutes to in our hotel; a quarter to ten outside the local bijoutier's—but all hours within. When these clocks have done striking the church clock starts; there is no corroboration, no unanimity. However . . . who cares, who worries? It is almost eleven: about twelve: a little past four: that suffices. We are late, or we are early. We get accustomed to being strangely in three places at the very same hour. Should a friend be pressed we can say "That clock is fast"; if he weary us, we need not hesitate to declare it slow. And watches vary; time is of no moment in Moret. Further still from Fontainebleau, in the village of Grez, the two or three hundred inhabitants rely chiefly on the Curé for the hour. He alone controls the church clock; but he, an irascible old gentleman, often quarrels with the Mayor and, on these occasions, stops the clock immediately, revengefully. Once the quarrel lasted three whole months; for three whole months the hands of the clock remained stationary. The Mayor protested, but the Curé ignored him. When at last the Mayor withdrew his objection to the point at issue, the Curé allowed the clock to go again. And now, if ever the Mayor and Curé disagree, the Curé stops the clock, the Mayor protests, the Curé ignores him; and Grez has no church clock to tell the time until the unhappy Mayor gives in.

Fortunately for us in Moret, the Mayor and Curé are

friends. We depend more or less on the Curé's clock—most dilapidated of dials—whose solemn summons at ten on Sunday bids us attend High Mass; whose brisker chimes at the same hour on Tuesday set us hastening towards the market. Indeed, in our hotel, disdainful of its dubious timepiece, we wait for the ten strokes and, after counting them, join the villagers outside: knots of villagers, rows of villagers, solitary villagers, but all of them fresh, immaculate. Each woman wears a print dress, or a print skirt and camisole; a spotted handkerchief tied in a knot at the top of her head. Each man has drawn on a clean cotton shirt and his newest coat, or a blouse; his tie invariably is bright. Each girl is clad lightly, charmingly; and has becomingly arranged her hair. As for us . . . well, we do not seem shabby beside a painter, a Parisian in "le boat-ing" costume: our scarf is as silken as theirs, our waistcoat is equally white and piqué, but our cane is undoubtedly handsomer and we think we dangle it more elegantly. Over the cobblestones, avoiding the "ruisseau", we go—smoking and chatting—the peasants swinging their baskets, the girls giving a last touch to their hair; an amazing spectacle. At the end of the narrow street—the "Grande Rue", no less!—is installed the first market-woman with a vast basket of vegetables. And she, a wizened old thing, wrinkled and bent in half, appears to be reflecting over her poor potatoes, her shabby cauliflowers. Still, she refuses to bargain. She has but one price, and she sniffs when a would-be customer turns over her wares, inspecting them; and sniffs again when she is told that they are "bien médiocres et bien chères". So she sells nothing, falls into reflection again; quite forgets the would-be customer who, turning up the next street, faces a double row of market-people established on either kerbstone and thus comes upon the chiefest commerce. All Moret is present, all Moret is bargaining and buying; and all the market-people are seamed with wrinkles, browned, bent; and all of them wear blouses or camisoles or print dresses, handkerchiefs or peaked caps—old, old people all of them, at all events seemingly old; weatherbeaten, of the earth. Each has his or her basket: so that there are two uninterrupted lines of baskets, of little piles of paper, of measuring utensils. Every vegetable is available, every fruit. There is crying, croaking, quarrelling; there is laughter, the chink of sous, above the din one hears—"Trois sous, Madame", "Non, Madame, deux sous", and, "Regardez ces raisins", "Voyez, voyez, les melons"; and always, "Cinq sous, Madame", "Non, Madame, trois sous . . . sous, sous, sous". Slowly, we progress: meet the patronne of our hotel, the postman, the garde champêtre, the barber and, all of a sudden, a bevy of fair Americans, daintily dressed, who inhabit a "finishing" school near by. In the village it is hinted that they are heiresses, all of them. Certainly, their clothes are rich; but they carry paper bags of grapes, and eat the grapes, and dawdle . . . just like Mesdemoiselles Jeanne and Marie, village girls, who "do washing" on the river bank every other day of the week. Also, they utter little cries: "Isn't that old woman the funniest thing that's ever happened!" and, "My! Isn't it all too quaint!" Here, a foreigner sketches. Further on, by the side of the church, a painter has established his easel; next him stands a group of village women who have already done their shopping and bear their spoil. And they compare their purchases, gesticulating over this cauliflower, that salad; and soon we hear much about a certain Madame Morin who has gone home furious because Madame Petilleau carried off an amazing melon she had her eye on . . . just by a minute. But Madame Morin is always like that; Madame Morin would flush, lose her temper over a single bean. Now, stalls rise—stalls of ribbons and jewelry; stalls of cheeses, stalls of sheets, curtains, all stuffs. And the stuffs are held up to the sun and considered in the shade, and compared with a complexion and wound round a waist; so that we hear "Ça vous va bien" and "Je trouve que c'est trop claire", and, of course, "Trois francs, Madame", "No, Madame, two francs . . . francs, francs, francs". Baskets become veritable burdens. Gesticulations grow wilder; the cries louder, the exchange of francs and sous quicker and quicker. Everyone has vegetables, and

fruits; many have coloured stuffs. To and fro go the patronne of our hotel, the postman, the garde champêtre, the barber, the Americans. To and fro go the village girls—but pause all at once before a ragged fellow whose eyes are crossed, whose face is unshaven, whose dirty hands clasp an accordion. The church clock strikes eleven; but above all these sounds rises suddenly and discordantly the voice of the man with the accordion. As he sings, he leers. The village girls titter. To them, impudently and grotesquely, he addresses his eternal refrain—

“Tu sais bien que je t'ai-ai-me.”

Still we linger; soon we admire a group of women and children whose home is on the barges by the river bank. Barefoot, with shining black eyes and black hair, bright shawls and handkerchiefs, they add to the picturesqueness of the spectacle as they wander to and fro with wickerwork wares. A graceful English girl presents the children with grapes, and the children smile, displaying the whitest teeth. The women pounce upon stray slips of salad, broken atoms of cauliflower; and are watched suspiciously by the market-people. The foreigner sketches them; the painter evidently intends to include them in his scene—and we, also fascinated, would follow them were we not tempted to listen to a noisy fellow who, flourishing a scrap of soap, boasts that it will blot out every stain. How simple, how easy is it to stain your coat, he cries; then proceeds to point out stains on various coats. Fear not, however. Be not cast down. *He* is here, the enemy of stains—he with “The Miraculous Tablet”. And the “Miraculous Tablet” is held on high and flourished to and fro, ready to render old clothes new and soiled hats fresh in exchange for two vulgar sous. “Seize this surprising opportunity”, shouts the man. “Take out your stains, all of you. The Miraculous Tablet will away with them all . . . except stains on your conscience. I swear it, and I am honest.” And then, continuing, he announces that the “Miraculous Tablet” has made him famous throughout the land; that clients return to him in thousands to express their gratitude; that a certain mother once shed tears of joy when he took an ink-stain out of her little boy's white suit; that only yesterday, in Orleans, the inhabitants cheered and cheered him and, rushing forward, begged leave to shake his hand. “And”, he concludes, “believe me, ladies and gentlemen, I had not hands enough”. Suddenly, a tambourine sounds; and, up the street, come a man and a woman with a dancing bear, another woman with a monkey. The monkey screams, the bear on its hind legs bobs up and down, up and down; and the man encourages him gruffly, the woman shakes the tambourine. Of course, a crowd assembles; and of course cries go up. Cries rise everywhere: from the market-people, from the crowd, from the enemy of stains, from the man with the accordion, from the monkey, from the bear; all cries, the strangest cries, all languages also—English, French, many a patois, “bargee”, the unknown tongue of the almost black people with the bear—and all accents. Then, several nuns issue forth from church and pause for a moment. The Curé appears. A “Savoyard” with statues—as white as his statues for his clothes are white and his face is covered with chalk-dust—approaches. And all these different people in all their different costumes, with different accents and different gestures, mingle together, elbow one another; and, all around them, are the stalls of bright stuffs, the vast baskets of vegetables and fresh fruits and, in the background, grey and quaint, stands the church. However, time is flying and luncheon hour is near. The purchases have to be borne home, washed, prepared, and so the inhabitants of Moret raise their baskets, exchange adieux. Off starts the patronne of our hotel; off go the postman, the garde champêtre, the barber, and the fair Americans—still eating grapes—to their “finishing” school. The village girls disperse; and here and there, the market-people are already dislodging their baskets, counting up sous. Once again we hear of the hot-tempered Madame Morin: the triumph of Madame Petilleau. Other familiar sounds reach us as we near the end of the street: “This, then, is the Miraculous Tablet . . . and only yesterday in Orleans . . .” and

for the last time, “Cinq sous, Madame,” “Non, Madame, trois sous”, and the hour being told by the church. In the far distance the bear is evidently dancing, for we faintly hear the tambourine. But his audience must now be small: before us, up the Grande Rue, moves a slow procession of men and women with baskets, sometimes two baskets to each person. Still, the first market-woman does not appear to have provided them with their spoil. She alone has done no business; and sits, wizened and bent in half, over her shabby cauliflowers, her poor potatoes. Occasionally, she sniffs. But her sniff develops into a snort when the cross-eyed, unshaven fellow with the accordion slouches up and, pausing for a moment, winks . . . a fearful wink . . . leers, addresses her impudently and grotesquely with his eternal refrain—

“Tu sais bien que je t'ai-ai-me.”

CORNISH SKETCHES.

I.—AT FOWEY.

AS I entered Fowey, the little omnibus turned and twisted through streets so narrow that the people had sometimes to get into doorways to let it pass; it plunged downhill and climbed uphill, the driver blowing a whistle at certain points to clear the way; I caught, in passing, glimpses of an inch or two of water in the narrow space between two houses; and came out finally upon a high terrace from which I could look down on the harbour with its masts, the exquisite curve of Polruan across the harbour, the wedge of green land, dividing the two branches of the river, and outward, around the rocks, the sea itself. There was not a breath of wind; the sea lay as still as the harbour; the afternoon sun filled the air with dry heat; some yachts were coming in slowly, with white hulls and white sails, and a little boat with an orange sail passed close to the shore. I had felt, as the omnibus twisted in the narrow streets, as if I were entering Arles; but the hills and valleys were new to me; and there was something at once new and yet slightly familiar in this southern heat on a little town of old houses, spread out along the side of a hill which runs sharply in from the sea, where the river comes down to make a natural harbour. As I walked, afterwards, along the roads, at that height, looking down on the sea through trees and tall, bright flowers and green foliage, I could have fancied myself in Naples, walking along the terrace-roads at Posilippo. And the air was as mild as the air of Naples, and the sea as blue as the sea in the bay of Naples. It stretched away, under the hot sunlight, waveless to the horizon, scarcely lapping against the great cliffs covered with green to the sea's edge. Trees grew in the clefts of the rock, they climbed up the hill, covering it with luxuriant woods; deep country lanes took one inland, and the butterflies fluttered out of the bushes and over the edge of the cliff, where they met the sea-gulls, coming in from sea like great white butterflies. All day long the sea lay motionless, and the yachts went in and out of the harbour, and the steam-tugs brought in black, four-masted ships with foreign sailors, and the ferry-boat, rowed slowly by an old man, crawled across from Fowey to Polruan, and from Polruan to Fowey. There was always, in those slow, sun-warmed days, a sense of something quiet, unmoved, in the place; and yet always a certain movement on the water, a passing of ships, a passing and returning of boats, the flight of sea-gulls curving from land to land.

To sit at an open window, or in the garden, under an awning, and to look down on all this moving quiet, was enough entertainment for day or night. I felt the same languid sense of physical comfort that I have felt on the coast of Spain, with the same disinclination to do anything, even to think, with any intentness. The air was full of sleep; the faint noise of the water flapping on the rocks, the sound of voices, of oars, something in the dull brilliance of the water, like the surface of a mirror, reflecting all the heat of the sky, came up to one drowsily; the boats, with white or rusty sails, passed like great birds or moths, afloat on the water. On the other side, over against me, Polruan

lay back in the arms of the hill, with its feet in the water; and I was never tired of looking at Polruan. It seemed not so much to have been made, as to have grown there, like something natural to the rock, all its houses set as if instinctively, each in its own corner, with all the symmetry of accident. It nestled into the harbour; on the other side of the hill were the high cliffs and the sea.

At night, looking across at Polruan, I could see a long dark mass, deep black under the shadow of the moon, which sharpened the outline of its summit against the sky; here and there a light, in some window; and beyond, to the right, the white glitter of the sea. The harbour was partly in shadow, near the further shore, and the masts of the boats, each with its little yellow light, plunged into the water, almost motionless. The nearer part of the river was bright, like the sea, and glittered under the moon. An infinity of stars clustered together overhead. I could hear, if I listened, a very faint ripple against the rocks, and at intervals two fishing-boats, moored together, creaked heavily.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT OF GAMES.*

IT is refreshing in these days of tabulations and statistics to turn to a book where such things are far to seek. Mr. R. H. Lyttelton in his book on cricket and golf writes on both games from a new standpoint. So far as cricket is concerned previous writers have included in their works chapters dealing with the game from almost every point of view—historical, statistical, anecdotal, and they have generally added a treatise on how the game ought to be played. Such books have been admirably compiled and are most useful for reference, but Mr. Lyttelton's volume will convince everyone who reads it that there was ample scope for different treatment. The task which the author sets himself is, "to talk on cricket and golf from an untechnical point of view, to try and show not only the charms of both games but also their shortcomings and the principles which should guide those in authority on the matter of reform, and the proper spirit which should be shown in playing the games". Mr. Lyttelton does not argue the question, so often asked, "which is the better game, cricket or golf?" There can be little doubt, however, that one who bears a name so long identified with cricket, could give but one answer to that question. It is, or used to be the fashion for cricketers to laugh at golf and to say that it would be time enough to play an old man's game when they were old men. Many a cricketer, however, who has scoffed at the bare notion of playing golf has quickly realised his mistake in refusing to learn the rudiments of the game in those halcyon days of youth when, and when only, it is possible to acquire a correct style of play. And many a scoffer has come to learn that golf is a busy man's game as well as an old man's pastime; for men who cannot spare time to play cricket can often contrive to get a game of golf two or three times a week. Golf has other advantages as a busy man's game. It may be that our friend the busy man after a week's hard work goes off to play his weekly cricket match. In these days of high scores it often happens that, unless he is one of the favoured few, he spends the former part of the day in watching other members of his eleven piling up runs, and the latter part in fielding out while the earlier batsmen on the other side enjoy themselves in like manner. Or it may be that he spends the whole of the morning in watching the rain soaking the ground to such a degree that no cricket is possible during the bright afternoon which follows. The busy man finds neither of these drawbacks in golf. He is playing the game himself and neither wind nor rain nor the consequent state of the ground need prevent him from enjoying himself.

While everyone will admit that golf is a good game

for those who have but little time, many people find it hard to say whether it is a good game for boys, and to these doubters Mr. Lyttelton offers some sound advice. The best games for boys are those which tend to train their bodies and to form their moral character. In cricket and football boys learn hardiness, self-reliance and discipline; in golf they may learn self-reliance but they do not learn either of these other two attributes which stand them in such good stead in after years; so the best plan seems to be to let boys learn the rudiments of golf in holiday time, but to make them play cricket and football when they are at school.

The vexed question of unfinished matches and the various remedies which have been proposed, necessarily occupy some considerable portion of Mr. Lyttelton's book, and he deals with the question in the heartiest manner possible. It is curious but none the less a fact that the primary cause of this curse of cricket, lies in the unstinted use of those two generally useful implements, the heavy roller and the mowing machine. They are responsible for producing that "Bread and Butter" wicket which enables a batsman with an ultra cautious style to preserve his wicket from destruction and himself from fatigue. But there is another cause which many people believe to be almost equally potent in these days of championships and statistics. Nowadays the first efforts of most county elevens are directed to the avoidance of defeat; the winning of the match is a matter which engages their attention only after their own position has been rendered practically impregnable. No one likes to be beaten, but in county cricket, defeat often spells disaster not only to the county's eleven, but to the county's finances and the county's finances are, alas, all important; for people will not go and see their county eleven beaten time after time, and without gate-money county cricket under modern conditions cannot flourish.

In discussing the remedies which have been proposed, Mr. Lyttelton declares himself in favour of altering the rule as to L.B.W. He would also alter the rule as to throwing so as to allow a bowler to throw, provided he threatened no danger to the life or limb of the batsman. But it would be impossible to decide whether any given ball threatened danger or not. It is obvious that no one could decide the question until the ball had been delivered—and if it turned out to be a ball which not only threatened but actually inflicted serious damage to the batsman it would be too late to disallow the delivery. It cannot be that Mr. Lyttelton would wish to treat a cricket-ball like a motor car, and to lay down certain limits of speed which the bowler must not exceed. He contends that the proper spirit of the game demands that the batsman shall play the ball fairly with the bat, and not with his legs; but the same proper spirit also demands that the bowler shall bowl the ball fairly and that there shall be no suspicion whatever about the delivery, and it seems to me that to allow throwing would be to forsake that spirit of the game for which Mr. Lyttelton pleads so earnestly.

The whole question of throwing is discussed and some adverse criticism is directed against the county captains on account of their action in publishing a "black list" of those bowlers whose delivery they regard as not above suspicion. Mr. Lyttelton blames them for having endeavoured to usurp the functions of the umpires, while in a footnote the editors of the series hazard the opinion that "by their action they have struck one of the hardest blows at the true interests of cricket it is possible to conceive, and have done an injury which it may be difficult to remedy". The strength of language in which that opinion is expressed is, to my mind, hardly warranted by the facts. The laws of the game lay it down that the umpire shall call "No ball" unless absolutely satisfied of the fairness of the delivery. In this opinions differ. In the case of one of the most famous of the incriminated bowlers, different umpires take different views. The M.C.C. warned umpires to be careful to permit no doubtful deliveries to pass, and extended the duty of judging the delivery to the umpire standing at short leg, but matters remained precisely as they were—the doubtful bowlers still continued to play and get wickets, their delivery remained unchanged. The question was, I believe, more or less accidentally raised at a meeting of the county captains at Lord's,

* "The Haddon Hall Library. Outdoor Games, Cricket and Golf." By the Hon. R. H. Lyttelton. London: Dent. 1901. 7. 6d. net.

and they agreed that there were certain bowlers whose delivery was doubtful. They decided, and, in my belief, very properly decided, that they would do what they could to prevent those bowlers from bowling in any match in which they were in authority, unless the delivery were altered so as to remove from it all suspicion as to its absolute fairness. In other words, they determined to act up to the spirit of the game as well as to the letter, and yet the editors solemnly assert that "They have struck one of the hardest blows at the true interests of cricket it is possible to conceive &c."

Most people will agree with Mr. Lyttelton in his desire to curtail those huge scores which lead to so many drawn matches, but it is open to doubt if the best interests of the game would be served by legalising throwing. He concludes what he has to say on cricket with a solemn warning to batsmen that unless they wish to cause a revolution, they must mend their ways, and, I suppose, make fewer runs. That is a warning that will find an echo in the heart of every bowler of these, or of other days.

There is some pleasant reading in the chapters devoted to golf and golfers, although Mr. Lyttelton deals severely with the dreadful individual who thinks more of making a good score than of winning the match which he is playing. How well we all know the man who comes in and admits that he was beaten, but cheerfully adds "but I was round in so and so"; and yet the pleasure which some people seem to find in keeping their score is, to a certain degree, intelligible, for it affords an easy method of gauging their play from day to day; they are able to play against themselves, and as they probably do not win many matches against other people it may perhaps give them some satisfaction to beat their own performance of the previous day. These score-loving folk mostly learn their golf on inland greens, but it by no means follows that everyone who plays upon inland links has contracted the bad habit—far from it: and what a blessing they are, these links where even if one cannot have quite everything that the heart desires one may have many a good match, and keep oneself in trim for those happy days when one plays once more by the side of the sounding sea. Mr. Lyttelton evidently loves the old clay common of which he writes so sympathetically, but one can well understand the temporary loss of affection which he feels upon returning to it from a long stay at S. Andrews or other of the first-class links. The old love soon returns, however, and he is hard to please who cannot find great enjoyment on many a course comparatively unknown to fame.

H. W. FORSTER.

BELIEF THAT SURVIVES PROOF.

WHEN we are examining ruined buildings our eyes are constantly surprised by examples of what theoretically we should regard as structural impossibilities. We see broken mullions, which instead of supporting the masonry above them, depend from it, like strange stalactites. We see masses of wall which apparently rest on segments of broken arches. In structures of other kinds we often see similar phenomena. We see telescopes which ought to collapse under the slightest pressure, refuse to do so, as though they were marble columns. We see broken lattice-work girders, which according to the principles of their construction, ought to shut up like a pair of scissors, rusted into a rigidity never intended by their designers. We see wheels, meant to rotate, held fast by their bearings. In each of such cases the explanation is simple. The stones of the broken arch are so firmly held together by their mortar that they are no longer structurally parts of an arch at all. The masonry that seems to rest on them has in a similar way become a portion of a practically homogeneous wall, and supports itself in the air like a piece of overhanging rock. The telescope, with its tubes, refuses to shut up when pressed, and is capable when stood upright of acting like the leg of a table, either because the tubes have received some accidental dent, or because dirt or verdigris has

created friction at their several bearings. So too with the broken lattice-work girder. The original structure has been accidentally replaced by a bastard structure of a wholly different kind, which owes such strength as it possesses to entirely fortuitous conditions. And what happens thus in structures of a mechanical and architectural kind, happens also in the structures built by the intellect. Beliefs and convictions which were originally adopted by men under the slow compulsion of what they took to be absolute proof—proof of attested fact or rigid philosophical demonstration—will often, and indeed generally, outlive for a very considerable period the discovery that every one of these alleged proofs was illusory. The beliefs remain though their original supports are gone, because they have gradually united themselves with a number of other beliefs, or with feelings, habits, and associations of various kinds; and are practically supported by these, like the stones of a broken arch, which are upheld as parts of the conglomerate of a broken wall, or like the telescope which will not shut up owing to the corrosion or indentation of its tubes.

Without claiming for the phrase strict technical propriety, we may conveniently call such beliefs as actually rest on evidence which by those who entertain them is intellectually received as valid, structural beliefs; while such beliefs, when men still entertain them though the intellectual structure which originally supported them is gone, we may call frictional beliefs. In every domain of human thought frictional belief plays a most important part—belief which persists not only without reason, but in spite of it. It is the kind of belief which the pioneers of thought and knowledge are always trying to destroy; and yet their attempts to destroy it, and put a truer belief in its place, are useful and fruitful only because they are but partially successful. The most remarkable examples are to be found in the domains of politics and religion. Whenever a party of progress is attacking a party of conservatism, it is always found to do so on the broad general ground that the principles of the latter, though they were reasonable at some past period, have ceased to be reasonable in consequence of the change of circumstances. They once had a basis in reason; but they have such a basis no longer. This was really the contention of the reformers at the time of the first Reform Bill. The Tories were denounced not for upholding a representative system which had never been reasonable; but for defending it when the conditions which had made it so had passed away—when the numbers and distribution of the population, and the balance of wealth and knowledge, had been changed almost past recognition by the development of the manufacturing system. But frictional belief in politics is by no means confined to Tories. A variety of doctrines with regard to liberty, and the supreme powers of the people, had, when they were broached in France towards the end of the eighteenth century, a reasonable meaning as protests against a system of government which was not only arbitrary and oligarchic, but arbitrary and oligarchic in the most mischievous, self-stultifying and suicidal ways. But when the principal abuses of the old régime were abolished, the philosophical formulæ of the revolutionists, being no longer needed as protests, had no justification when regarded as statements of eternal principles. Regarded as such, they became intellectually ludicrous; and yet they remained, till a comparatively recent period, and remain even now with many Liberals, the philosophical watchwords of the Liberal or Radical party. Now in both cases—in that of the Tories and that of the Radicals equally—these frictional beliefs—these beliefs which obstinately persisted, when their intellectual justification was gone—played a necessary part in the orderly development of the country. In other words if a nation had no political principles, which were held by their advocates, in defiance of reason, or without reference to their reasonableness, such a nation, unless absolutely stagnant, could have no stability at all. It would change and shift under the breath of every new principle, and would be as much moved by those that were false and specious, as it would by those that should ultimately be found true.

In the domain of religion the same thing is equally

true. It is true indeed ever more conspicuously. An enormous number of Christians retain at the present day their old belief in certain doctrines they were taught as children, though they are perfectly aware that the grounds on which these doctrines were commended to them are no longer tenable, and have not been replaced by others. Nor is this true of the mass of believers only; but also of those whose position, education, and intellect oblige them to consider to some extent the grounds on which their faith rests. Even men of this class, such as the clergy—indeed we may say the majority of them—are often conscious that the grounds on which their faith originally rested have been undermined by the progress of thought and criticism; and yet the fabric of their faith absolutely refuses to fall. Whatever view we may hold as to the position of the Church of England, for example, we can none of us fail to see that, amongst its thoughtful members, there is a widespread sense that the old theories of its authority no longer supply it with a firm intellectual foundation. We can also not fail to see that the place of these old theories has not yet been taken by any others that are generally accepted. And yet in despite of all critical attacks, and in despite of the absence of any coherent answer to them, the attachment to the English Church of a vast majority of its clergy, and a large proportion of its lay members, is deeper and stronger than it ever was. The more intelligent of them are not unconscious of the intellectual difficulties of their position; but these difficulties, though not formally answered, have no effect on their beliefs. We are not here insinuating that no answer to these difficulties is possible; and that it will not in the process of time be forthcoming. All we insist on is, that it is for the present in abeyance; and the convictions of the multitudes in question have not been weakened in consequence. This constitutes an exceedingly interesting and a much neglected fact in the psychology of religious belief. The cause of it lies deep in the constitution of the human character. Beliefs of all kinds resemble moral conduct in the fact that they become persistent and ingrained in the character by habit; and this is true of religious belief especially. Religious belief, more than belief of any other kind, in the case of the naturally devout tends to permeate the whole of life—to incorporate itself in the most cherished associations, the deepest affections, in the most important principles of conduct, and in a man's entire conception of what a useful and good life is; and thus, though parts of the intellectual foundation of his belief may be removed, the belief, in seeming defiance of all structural principles, still stands, upheld by a variety of other forces.

Amongst those who look at life exclusively from an intellectual point of view, such a spectacle may excite derision. Indeed, as we know, they often point to it as a proof of the blindness and stupidity of the majority of the human species. What the spectacle really proves to us is something very different. It proves to us indeed that all men are not equal in intellectual power; but it proves also that intellectual power, essential to progress as it is, is not the sole power on which progress and the highest activities of human life depend. It proves also that the unequal distribution of this special power amongst men—of this power which brings logical thought into immediate connexion with belief—instead of being a hindrance to religious progress is essential to it; for if the religious convictions of all men—and specially of all influential men—were liable to be weakened at once by that criticism of faulty theories, which must necessarily precede the establishment of others that are more sound, the practical influence and the practical continuity of religion would be continually disturbed, with results of the most disastrous kind, by the very process strengthening and purifying it as a system of defensible doctrines. None the less must this process go on; and a religion will die or become useless if the life of the intellect leaves it, just as surely as it will if it loses its moral and its spiritual life. For this reason, no honest thinker need ever hesitate to give to the world his intellectual criticisms of religious doctrine, however calculated they may seem to be to undermine religious faith: for he may be certain that the effect of them will only be very gradual.

They will appeal to a minority, but the majority will be hardly conscious of them, until the minority have debated them and ascertained their value; and by that time, instead of disturbing the religious life of the majority, they will begin to be slowly absorbed by it and to afford it fresh nutriment. We may indeed say that, from a religious point of view, destructive religious criticism is justifiable only because its immediate effects are never more than partial; and instead of deriding these characteristics of human nature which render the diffusion of new ideas so slow, we ought to recognise in them one of the main conditions of progress.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAN-AMERICANISMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

44 Edward Street, Brighton, 28 August, 1901.

SIR,—Two Anglo-American documents associated with modern English history will perforce, and in the near future, play a prominent rôle in the relations, commercial and political between the several States—north and south—which constitute the great western hemisphere. The two are (1) the Monroe doctrine, and (2) the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The preponderating influence of the "predominant partner"—United States—over his juniors was partially outlined by their recognised advocate, the "South American Journal", when on 12 April 1897, it said, that:—

"The intervention of the United States in South American affairs in the name of the Monroe doctrine (*Perdrix, toujours Perdrix*) of which we have had more than one recent example is by no means agreeable to the independent nations occupying the Columbian continent, inasmuch as such is regarded as partaking of the character of a protectorate of the former over the latter. Now the South American Republics are tenacious of their independence, and it is inconceivable for instance that Brazil, Chili and Argentina should submit to a position of subservience, or even inferiority, such as might be inferred from the attitude of the patronage assumed by the Republic of the North.

"The truth of the case is, that South America finds it expedient not only to beware of Europe—but to see to it that its independence should be effectively safeguarded against any possible designs of ambition or appropriation on the part of the great North American Republic itself, with which there exists *neither identity of custom or race or religion—or communion of national sentiment*".

In plain terms, the journal said:—"Hands off Brother Jonathan".

This admonition to the Leviathan of the North, was administered before the war of the United States with Spain began. After that had ended, an English statesman wrote thus on its probable consequences, as they are in process of development by the Colossus of the north:—

"It is now argued, and the argument urgently demands examination, that something must be kept for the sake of American commerce—in the western and southern Pacific. The first observation to be made is that we are a long way off from the position taken when the war (with Spain) began. The crusading spirit has vanished. The Imperialist has taken the place of the Liberator".

Now it is a fact, that this Monroe doctrine as at present interpreted is "America for the Americans", but it was formulated by Great Britain, and its author, the English statesman, George Canning, created it, on the plea that he, "called in the new world to redress the balance of the old". A lucid exposition of this far-famed but much misunderstood doctrine has been given by an eminent writer of our day, who said:—

"The vicissitudes of dogma form an interesting series of chapters in the history of international law and, among all the bewildering transformations, the Monroe doctrine should not fail to be instructive. This, at the time of its pronouncement, comparatively harmless expression of opinion of one American Government

has been expanded by the efforts of a series of American Secretaries of State so as to be put forward as an excuse for claiming a veritable supremacy in the affairs of the whole western hemisphere. There is a certain irony in the fact that it was the British Government, which suggested to President Monroe this cautiously worded protest against any interference of the 'Holy Alliance', to suppress the New Spanish American Republics: Now, it is against the British Government, that a surprising transformation is attempted to be enforced. The restrained language of the first edition of the Monroe doctrine gave little presage of its future fame. It remains, what it always has been, a mere expression of a policy, which the United States Government set itself to further."

The expansion of this "mere expression" finds a noteworthy echo in a recent Washington journal, which says:—

"The essential factor of such an accord (union of north and south) is the Nicaragua Canal. This event will be a logical consequence of the conquest of the Philippines, just as the Pacific Railway was a consequence of the conquest of California". Or we will say as the great Pan-American Railroad may be "a consequence" of the "conquest" of South America. Nous verrons.

With respect to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. As defenders of England's trade, commerce and over-sea transportation, every true-born Englishman should reverence that as if it were a second Magna Charta, and should esteem it as an imperishable monument to the sagacious foresight and forethought of England's statesmen of 1850. An eminent jurist—one of the ablest of his day—when discussing the attempt of one of a "series of (American) Secretaries of State" to render England's safeguards nugatory, wrote of that attempt in these terms:—

"Can it be possible, for two great nations to agree on a treaty of greater breadth, force, and grandeur of character—a treaty by which one of them divested itself of valuable rights of which she was in unquestioned possession, not for her own advantage, but for that of the whole world—a treaty which all other nations were formally invited to partake in, and to guarantee? Public faith has no sanctity, diplomatic language neither meaning nor validity, international law neither guarantee nor existence, if it be competent to either party to such a solemn pact to argue thus".

And Earl Granville in a dispatch dated the "Foreign Office, on 10 November, 1881", to the United States Minister in London, who had submitted the conditions of his Washington chief to his lordship, said:—

"I should wish therefore to point out to you that the position of Great Britain, and the United States with reference to the canal—irrespective of the magnitude of the commercial relations of the former power with countries, to and from which, if completed, it will form the highway—is determined by the engagements entered into by them respectively in the Convention, which was signed at Washington on 19 April 1850, commonly known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and Her Majesty's Government rely with confidence upon the observance of all the engagements of that Treaty".

And Lord Granville in his masterly defence of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, reminds the American Secretary of State, *inter alia*, that:—

"In his message to Congress, of 3 December 1860, President Buchanan says, the dangerous questions arising from the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty 'have been amicably and honourably adjusted. The discordant constructions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty between the two Governments, which at different periods of the discussion bore a threatening aspect have resulted in a final settlement entirely satisfactory to this Government'."

Sir Henry Bulwer, one of the signatories to the Treaty, recorded his opinion of its attempted abrogation in terms which if rightly interpreted form an appeal not only to Europe but to "the whole world". Sir Henry wrote:—

"I am of the opinion that the region of Central America should be a neutral territory to the nations of the earth and that it should be dedicated to the purposes of traffic and transit with means of communica-

tion constructed and protected under their auspices, and that it should be open on equal terms to the whole world. To allow a maritime power to take entire possession of the territory, one possessing so important a coast both on the Atlantic and the Pacific, would be a fault for which our posterity which has a right to be considered in our policy, inasmuch as it is charged with our debts, would never and ought never to forgive".

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, as a bulwark of England's trade, commerce, shipping and finance should not be tampered with.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN HAROLD.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eccles, 3 September, 1901.

SIR,—Whether the statesmen who established compulsory education in England believed that "genius would shoot out of the multitude and soar aloft" or not, the steps they took to finance their system very effectually stopped the soaring process, if indeed it ever began.

When teachers had to earn grants by passing the highest possible percentage of children through a yearly individual examination, the safest way to success lay in getting a uniform style of work throughout the class and then in giving most attention to the dullest children. The brighter pupils were certain to pass and could therefore be safely left alone, or rather kept marking time; and though the necessity for such a course of action was removed by the abolition of the results system, yet the conception of education and the style and methods of work which had been fostered by the system in its vigorous days persisted and are still to be found in elementary schools.

I believe that most teachers now avoid repression as far as the size of their classes will permit; and yet the evils which a writer on "A Crisis in French Education" traces to repression—"no chance of developing in the pupil the spirit of self-reliance or the sense of responsibility"—are also characteristic of English primary school work, though with us they arise largely from an undue readiness on the part of the teacher to make smooth the path of his pupils—another consequence of the results system.

The curse we are under is in fact rather that of a perverted view of education than of education itself, and our chief concern should be to correct our vision. Much of our school work is, I am convinced, artificial, a growth reared in the forcing-house of a false financial system, and not to be cut down till our teachers are enabled during their period of training to get away from the more technical and traditional view of their calling and to return to their work again well developed and equipped with a fuller experience and a wider education than now falls to their lot—men first, teachers afterwards. I always think of real education as the result of conflict, the spark struck from clashing swords, not the hole drilled by the gimlet. A mechanic may drill a hole, but when our teachers become intellectual and spiritual swordsmen we shall be nearer to the "new life on lines laid down by nature and God"—in school at any rate—than we are at present.

With regard to the "Failure in great men" I do not think that the spread of popular education can be held guilty. If the schools and colleges through which the Gladstones and the Palmerstons passed have changed at all they have hardly changed in consequence of the growth of Board Schools.

Elementary education aims at the production of workers, carriers-out of orders; it leaves the production of leaders to others.

The brightest among elementary school children are, I imagine, supple rather than sturdy both in intellect and in character; when they gain scholarships they tend to become students; they do not show much ambition to rule or to seek responsibility.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD AS PREFACE-WRITER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Station Hotel, Oban, N.B., 1 September, 1901.

SIR,—In a very amusing *review* (?) of the "Case for the Factory Acts" your collaborator takes up the position that Mrs. Ward was asked to write the preface of that work merely as being a well-known novelist and without having any special qualification or previous knowledge of the subject. He says "What did Robert Elsmere know of factory legislation?" Robert Elsmere did not have anything to do with it, but it may be pointed out that in a later work, "Sir George Tressady", Mrs. Ward has dealt with the relations of the State to industry, not of course in a technical manner, but with considerable sympathy and appreciation, stating the "case for the Factory Acts" as opposed to the "women's rights" view, so as to be apprehended easily by the man in the street who does not want to read books expressly devoted to the subject—with whom your reviewer evidently agrees, at all events in holiday time. (It must be owned they are not such good summer-reading as articles on the ethics of preface-making.) I have no scruple in making this correction, as though I happen to be one of the authors of the "Case", I was *not* the one who invited Mrs. Ward to lead off, nor have I the pleasure of her acquaintance—I only assert that at least *one* of her books must be included in bibliographies of factory legislation.—Yours obediently,

A COLLABORATOR IN THE "CASE."

[Our correspondent's very charitable view of Mrs. Ward's qualifications only makes a little more apparent the truth of Mrs. Ward's own admission that she has a very superficial knowledge of the subjects of the book. The objection taken in our Review was not to Mrs. Ward making copy as a novelist from whatever she might happen to know of the Factory Acts but to her position as a wholly superfluous preface maker. We suspect that other writers of the book besides our correspondent would also be not unwilling to make it clear that they did not invite Mrs. Ward's preface. It is a pity they were not in a majority.—ED. S. R.]

THE IRISH MEMBERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sligo, Ireland, 3 September, 1901.

SIR,—Englishmen, when reading the speeches of Messrs. Redmond and O'Brien, and the "Clerical Chairman", of their meeting at Westport, co. Mayo, last Sunday, will do well to realise that it is a truism, in these gentlemen's own country, "to believe nothing that you hear, and only half what you see".

Messrs. Redmond and O'Brien always harp on one tune, tracing all the woes of Irishmen to their conquest by Englishmen, which has made them partners in a world empire. Englishmen were conquered by Romans and Normans; they used what was good in both to build up that Empire, which Irish politicians hate because of its success. It has given Ireland the best cereals, horses, cattle, pigs and poultry, it is true with the advantage of finest climate, and soil capable of producing the best, for which England will give the highest price, as witness the prices paid at Dublin Horse Show last week.

Some eighty Irish members of Parliament have ruined the English Liberal party, and made the House of Commons impatient for economic and practical work. This may bring home to England what the Protestant minority has gone through, in holding its own, while giving its best to build up and maintain England in its present position. The Liberal party first turned its back on us, and has met with its just reward. The Unionist party will fare no better if it continues to side with the incompetent.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ONE OF THE MINORITY.

REVIEWS.

THE GREAT DICTIONARY.

"A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles." Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Parts of Vol. IV. Green—Gyzzarn, by Henry Bradley, 5s.; Vol. V. Invalid—Jew, 5s.; Jew—Kairine, 2s. 6d., by Dr. Murray; Vol. VI. L—Lap, by Henry Bradley, 2s. 6d. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1901.

FRESH parts of the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes of the great Dictionary are appearing with the punctuality which is among the many virtues of this memorable undertaking; and whilst Mr. Bradley has finished Vol. IV. with the mysterious word "gyzzarn", and has made a good beginning with "L—Lap" for Vol. VI., Dr. Murray is reaching the end of his labours on Vol. V., in which his new part carries us as far as "kairine", which is not to be taken as an improved spelling of Cairene, but represents a chinoline compound of the antipyrine description. Half the Dictionary is now published, and each new instalment confirms the estimate we have frequently given of its supreme merits. To quote itself, s.v. "Journal", "*Sat. Rev.* 7 Jan. 1865, the opinion of this journal has been already more than once expressed on the subject". The extraordinary wealth of the vocabulary, as compared with earlier dictionaries, is fully maintained in the new parts. To Johnson's 987 words, and the Century Dictionary's 5,877, the Oxford Dictionary opposes 12,004. Of course a great many of these added words are such as Johnson, if he had known them, would not have held to be English. "Jaghire", "Jamwar", "Jerm", "Jeziah", "Jheel", "Jhow" and similar Oriental terms are certainly open to criticism on the ground that they are mainly travellers' imports and hardly belong to English literature. Again, a considerable proportion of the modern vocabulary consists of technical terms of science. There are nearly two hundred compounds of the Greek *iso-*, and the sciences that demand this precise terminology hardly existed in the days of Dr. Johnson, who contented himself with "isosceles" and "isoperimetrical". Nor did he attempt to include obsolete words, which he left to be explained in special glossaries to early English works. No such additional aids are necessary to the happy possessor of the Oxford Dictionary, where every word that by the widest toleration can be considered English is intended to be found, illustrated by a carefully chosen series of dated quotations, forming (as a rule) a complete history of the word and its uses. There is an obvious danger that with this immense vocabulary, including words older than Chaucer and as modern as Kipling,—from "Grice" (for a pig in 1225) to "Jumbo"—inksters who aim at preciosity will pick out the rarities in order to assume a distinction in style; whilst others, already infected by "journalese", will triumphantly cite the Dictionary in absolution of their sins. But the Dictionary is not a judge but a witness. It tells us what words have been and are being used, what they meant and mean, how they came to bear their various meanings, how they have been spelt, and, if possible, whence they are derived. It does not tell us which word is good or bad, save by implication. The quotations form the real test, and the intelligent reader will have no difficulty in determining from these which words have the sanction of the best writers. It is not for the Dictionary to decide *ex cathedra*. Indeed it will not even tell us the best spelling, but leaves us uncertain whether to write judgement or judgment, and jib or gybe. What it pretends to do is to show how a word has been spelt and what it meant at all periods of its history, and this is all that a student asks.

Everyone has heard of the farmer who found Johnson's Dictionary monotonous reading for winter evenings. We have always held that rustic to be a jobbernowl—to use one of the many delightful synonyms for blockhead provided in the Oxford work—and we shall certainly regard as worse than a jobard anyone who does not find the new Dictionary a veritable mine of entertainment as well as instruction on all manner of subjects. If topography is one's hobby, there is the

article "Greenyard", for example; the origin of inn-signs is illustrated under "Green Man and Still"; the history of the numerous applications of "Jack", naval and others, fill a large space; the mineral "jade" and the term "jeopardy" in chess present curious features, and there are a host of interesting etymologies, as "gun", "gyve", "groom", &c. How many people know that "Joey" as a name for a four-penny-bit is derived from Joseph Hume? or that "John Anderson my jo" is merely another form of my joy? or that Joss-house comes from the Portuguese deos? or that "rickshaw", i.e. jin-riki-sha, means man-power-vehicle? The etymologies are always peculiarly interesting in this work, though Dr. Murray and Mr. Bradley will not suffer any "ingenious trifling", such as the attempt to derive John Dory from *jaune doré*, or Barham's jocose derivation of Jingo (possibly Basque for God) from S. Gengulphus. Probably this is the reason they do not mention the suggested derivation of John Company from *Jahān-Kumpani*, the "Company of the World". As an example of their scrupulous caution we may cite "Jockteleg", the northern or Scottish name for a clasp-knife, familiar to most of us in Scott's "Rob Roy", where the Hielandman "sneckit this ane wi' his jockteleg". Lord Hailes derived this puzzling name from Jacques de Liège, a famous cutler, whose name was alleged to have been found inscribed on one of these knives. Unfortunately, no knife so inscribed, nor any document in support of this theory, is now known to antiquarians, and inquiries made by the industrious editors at Liège itself have failed to discover any cutler who could be identified with the celebrated Jacques. So "Jockteleg" remains of obscure origin. It is curious how many common names cannot be traced to any source in other languages. Indeed the commoner the word the more difficult is often the etymology: witness "job", "jug" (possibly short for Joan, as black-jack is also a name for a jug), "jury"-mast, "lad", "lackey". A good example of the careful way in which etymology is here treated may be seen in "jig". Everyone will of course say that it comes from the French *gigue*. But the Old French *gigue* meant a fiddle, and not a dance nor any other meaning of jig; moreover it was obsolete long before jig is known to have existed; and the modern French *gigue*, for a dance and dance-tune, is not descended from *gigue* the fiddle but it is merely adopted from the English jig, the origin of which is still wrapped in mystery, unless it comes possibly from the French *ginguer* or *giguer*, "to leap, gambol".

The J words are certainly an odd collection, and Dr. Murray may well exclaim at the "jabber of this jaw-breaking jargon", as illustrated in such words as jackal, jerboa, jaconet, jaggery, jabirn, jacamar, jaguar, jequirity, jigamaree, jimjam, jingbang, &c. A good many of the words in this section, however, are particularly interesting in their history and derivation, since they often come from Oriental languages. Dr. Murray has evidently enjoyed competent assistance in tracing out their Arabic, Persian and Hindi sources, but in treating of the jerboa—that charming little quadruped, "a composition of a squirrel, a hare, a rat, and a monkey, which altogether looks very like a bird", as Horace Walpole wrote of the "jeribo" which Mr. Conway presented to my Lady Aylesbury,—it should have been noted that although the usual Arabic form is *yarbū'*, the form *jarbū'* is also found, e.g. in Ibn-Khaldūn. Under Ismaelian, again, he does not recognise that the a, though written short in the Koran, is merely a contraction and should be accented as long. Djafar Madek, in the same article, is a mistake for Dja'far (or Ja'far) es-Sādik; and some of the quotations under Ismaelite appear to apply to the Shi'ah sect and not to the race of Ishmael. "Jinn" and "Jinnē" and other Arabic words are correctly given and well illustrated by quotations, even down to Mr. Anstey's "Brass Bottle". Slang words abound under J—such as jiff, jiffy, johnny, (used by Byron), juggins (as old as 1604), and we duly find a billiard-rest among the numerous technical or slang meanings of that invaluable word jigger, as well as a complete account of Jingo and the "Tyrtaean Ode" of 1878, and the various applications of Jumbo. We are not sure, however, that the definition

of "joker", as a card, is adequate. It is curious that no earlier use of John Bull as the national nickname has been found than the famous satire of 1712, and we must conclude that Arbuthnot invented it. Omissions there must be, but we have noted very few. As "chortle" is duly entered in Vol. II., we expected to find that fabulous fowl the Jabberwock in Vol. V., but he is not there. Colloquial names of plants are generally given in abundance, but we miss "Grim the Collier" (*Hieracium aurantiacum*) and the tuberous *tropæolum* known as "S. John's Potato". "Jack-a-Lent" might have been illustrated by a quotation from no less famous a book than "Joseph Andrews" for a meaning not given in the Dictionary. In the new volume, which appropriately opens with Laager,— "among the South African Boers, a temporary lodgement in the open marked out by an encircling line of wagons"—one could wish for fuller information as to the non-Greek termination of Labyrinth (compare Corinth). "Lady's fingers" is surely not obsolete as a term for biscuits, and among the applications of Lammis the well-known "lammis-floods" of the North of Ireland might have been cited. It will be comforting to schoolboys to learn that "lam" is sound English, for as far back as 1606 we find the phrase "to lamme or bumbast with strokes": bumbast and lumbaste are both excellent words in their way. With the exception of "Land" and "Lady", most of the articles in the first part of L are brief, since they needed comparatively little illustration in extracts; but lace, lag, lank, lanteroo, among others, present interesting etymologies, and there are singular instances of sense-development in lade, lake, language.

SIR GERALD GRAHAM.

"Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, V.C., G.C.B. Life, Letters and Diaries." By Colonel R. H. Vetch, C.B., late Royal Engineers. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1901. 21s.

THOUGH the chief interest in the life of Sir Gerald Graham naturally attaches to the period when he was entrusted with the operations in the vicinity of Suakin in 1884 and 1885, there is in this biography a good deal of matter relating to the Anglo-French Expedition to China in 1860 that is well worthy of attention. In the light of what is here related about the friction between the naval and military authorities in the Crimean and China campaigns the recent international operations of the allied troops at Peking afford a striking instance of history repeating itself. Sir Gerald Graham himself alludes despairingly to these quarrels, but we must not forget that nothing of the kind took place either in the campaign of 1882 or in that of 1884. Sir Gerald's own treatment at the hands of the War Office upon his return from this 1860 campaign is clearly shown in the following passage:—"He was indeed only a Captain of Royal Engineers of seven years' service, but he was a lieutenant-colonel in the army, had been thrice wounded, had no small experience of war and his breast was covered with medals and decorated with the Victoria Cross. He might have expected active employment on the first occasion that offered. But the authorities thought otherwise. No opportunity was given him and for the next twenty years of his life he was doing very useful, if prosaic, work in looking after the engineering and barrack services of military districts." It is not generally known that these same authorities at the War Office or their descendants, upon the return of Captain and Brevet Lieut.-Colonel Kitchener from Egypt in 1885, strove to repeat in his case the treatment awarded to Graham, and ordered him to Cork to superintend the barrack services there. The future conqueror of the Sudan and Commander-in-Chief in South Africa was only rescued from the inexorable clutches of Pall Mall by the determined action of Lord Salisbury who sent him on a mission to Zanzibar, whence he found his way back to Egypt and fame.

It was not until 1882 that Graham once again saw active service, being selected for the command of the

2nd Brigade of the 1st Division which formed part of Sir Garnet Wolseley's force in Egypt. As commander of the advanced troops in the march from Ismailia to Tel-el-Kebir, he did excellent service and the brunt of the fighting fell on the troops under him. Colonel Vetch however is hardly justified in describing the first affair at Kassassin as "a great victory": it would have been more correct to say that it was a very successful engagement in which Graham showed great firmness and coolness.

There is a pathetic interest in the description of the arrival in Cairo of General Gordon and of his journey to Korosko with Sir Gerald Graham—for the latter had been made a K.C.B. for his gallant services at Tel-el-Kebir. The two brother-officers who had fought side by side throughout the Siege of Sebastopol and the Chinese War once again were thrown together for a brief week. Graham's description of his last sight of Gordon should be read. "At last I left him, saying 'good bye' and 'God bless you'. . . . Gordon carried no arms . . . he took my white umbrella having lost his own. The place where I last saw Gordon was wild and desolate. The desert is covered with a series of volcanic hills. . . . I climbed up the highest of these and through a glass watched Gordon and the small caravan, as his camels threaded their way along a sandy valley, hoping he would turn round and that I might give him one more sign; but he rode on until he turned the dark side of one of the hills and I saw him no more. Sadly we returned to our steamer and I felt a gloomy foreboding that I should never see Gordon again." This was on 2 February, 1884, and less than three weeks later, Graham was despatched to Suakin in command of over 4,000 men with eight guns to check the attempts of the Arabs to capture that town. On 29 February, he fought and won the battle of El Teb and on 13 March the battle of Tamai. It was here that one of Graham's brigades, the 2nd, narrowly escaped disaster owing to the front face of the brigade square being hurried on in advance of the flanks and rear-face. It is the opinion of those who were there that had it not been for the fact that the 1st brigade (also in square) had engaged a large number of the enemy, the attack of the latter on the 2nd brigade would have been disastrous. Once again there was much discussion as to the circumstances which led to the Arabs penetrating the 2nd brigade square. The story has been told by one of the Naval Brigade, who after describing the general advance and position of the enemy, epitomised the whole situation in the words "And just as we got up to the Arabs, the General took the lid off the whole concern and in they came."

It was about a week before this time that Graham, realising the terribly critical condition of his old friend Gordon at Khartoum, asked to be allowed to send a small force across the desert to Berber; but his proposal was not approved of. In view of subsequent information it is admitted now that at the time this request was made, the Sudanese power was not sufficiently broken and, further, the water difficulties were too great to justify the risk of sending a force to Berber. But after the victory of Tamai, the situation was changed and Graham, a man of great valour, would have gladly taken any risks to help Gordon. The authorities were still obdurate, but to the end of his life Graham regretted that, instead of telegraphing and asking permission to send troops to Berber, he had not done so on his own initiative and reported his action subsequently for approval. The Suakin expeditionary force of 1884 was thereupon withdrawn. The campaign so far as regards its immediate objective had been eminently successful owing, to a large extent, to Graham and his staff working together admirably, and also to the force being composed of well-trained and seasoned troops.

After the fall of Khartoum in January 1885, a second expeditionary force of much greater dimensions was sent to Suakin, under Sir Gerald Graham. Why this expedition, after a vast expenditure of blood and treasure, proved abortive is a matter which fanatical admirers of Mr. Gladstone may possibly be able to explain. There was a painful element of unreality about the whole business, the projected railway across a waterless

desert, swarming at places with hostile Arabs, seemed to many to be merely a means of "saving the face" of the discredited Government. There was a good deal of friction, and arrangements did not work as smoothly as in the campaign of the previous year. The affair of McNeill's zariba was only saved from becoming a terrible disaster owing to the admirable behaviour of the troops. It is yet a question whether there was ever any real intention to construct the railway from Berber to Suakin: the physical difficulties were enormous, and none more so than the obtaining of an adequate water-supply both for the engines and for the men engaged on its construction. At the time, it was freely said that Graham had been given a task which he was never meant to carry out. The sad tale of Government muddle and mismanagement in the Sudan was brought to a close in May 1885, when the expeditionary force was broken up and Graham returned to England.

SELECTED VERSE.

"The Queen's Chronicler and Other Poems." By Stephen Gwynn. London: John Lane. 1901. 3s. 6d. net.

"Nature Songs." By Emily Read. London: Gardner, Darton. 1901. 2s. 6d.

"The Queen and Other Poems." By Richard Garnett. London: John Lane. 1901. 3s. 6d. net.

"The Oxford Year." By James Williams. Oxford: Blackwell. 1901. 3s. 6d. net.

"Poems." By Lady Margaret Sackville. London: John Lane. 1901. 3s. 6d. net.

"Town and Cuntry Poems." By A. Legge. London: Nutt.

"The Last Muster and Other Poems." By John S. Arkwright M.P. London: Grant Richards. 1901. 3s. net.

MODERN journalism, after successfully banishing from the popular mind the last traces of exact and systematic knowledge which a defective education may have left there, is already, it is to be feared, rapidly accomplishing a similar feat in the matter of poetic taste; and the vast number of "poems" which day by day and week by week are decently buried in the pages of journals and magazines, or, not content with decent burial, emerge into a brief posthumous existence through the portals of Mr. John Lane or another, affords all too clear evidence of the degeneration that has set in. When, therefore, we pick up a volume whose author prefaces his acknowledgments to this or that editor, we start with a prejudice which is encouraged by the observation that as a general rule it is the weakest poets who reprint their poems, and that their weakest poems are reprints. Among the exceptions to that rule we hasten to place Mr. Stephen Gwynn. He has long established his reputation as a critic and an essayist; and if on making his acquaintance in verse we are constrained to regard him as less a poet than an essayist who can write poetry too, there is enough of the true poetic ring in some of the pieces now put before us to make us wish for more. It is unfortunate that "The Queen's Chronicler", from which the volume takes its name, is the least satisfactory in it. The Byronic manner suits neither Mr. Gwynn nor the subject—the manner is but versified prose at the best, and Mr. Gwynn's natural prose is preferable; while on the subject of Mary Queen of Scots humour, even the most refined, seems sadly out of place. It is when he sings of Ireland that Mr. Gwynn rises to his highest level; and the three poems "Ireland", "Out in the Dark", and "Mater Severa", are those for which this volume is chiefly to be valued. The mystery of that burning patriotism which is the most cherished heritage of the Kelt has seldom been more finely expressed than in the last of these, from which we may quote two stanzas:—

Many an outward-bound, as the ship heads under Tory,
Clings with anguished eyes to the barren Fanad shore.
Many a homeward-bound, as they left the frowning Fcreland,
Pants to leap the leagues to his desolate Gweedore.
There about the ways God's air is free and spacious:
Warm are chimney corners there, warm the kindly heart:
There the soul of man takes root, and through its travail
Grips the rocky anchorage till the life-strings part.

"Nature", it has been said, "not only works as a

machine; she also sleeps as a picture", and if in her latter capacity she supplies endless material to numberless minor poets the critic might well be grateful to her, did they all know how to make such good use of it as does Miss Emily Read. "Nature Songs" is indeed a charming little book. The opening quatrain to Spring strikes the true Wordsworthian note:—

The Poet of Japan, in praise of Spring,
Hangs written odes on many a woodland tree;
I to the budding woods no poems bring,
But only listen while they sing to me,

and poems like "The Return of the Swallows", "Spring in the Rain", "A Contrast", "Progress", "Miracles" and "Consolation" show that Miss Read brings to nature "a heart that watches and receives". But a word of warning to her may perhaps be forgiven. The Wordsworthian manner is dangerous unless it is the expression of the Wordsworthian spirit; and a tendency which Miss Read has to keep on the surface and fix on the merely obvious needs restraint. Speaking of Scott Wordsworth said: "Nature does not permit an inventory to be made of her charms. He should have left his pencil and note-book at home, and fixed his eye as he walked with a reverent attention on all that surrounded him, and taken all into a heart that could understand and enjoy. Then, after several days had passed by, he should have interrogated his memory as to the scene. He would have discovered that while much of what he admired was preserved to him, much was also most wisely obliterated; that which remained—the picture surviving in his mind—would have presented the ideal and essential truth of the scene, and done so in a large part by discarding much which, though in itself striking, was not characteristic. In every scene many of the most brilliant details are but accidental; a true eye for nature does not note them, or at least does not dwell on them". Then again that "ideal and essential truth" of which Wordsworth here speaks was always to him a moral truth. It was not that the scene suggested a moral—the scene itself was moral; it was always the "something far more deeply interfused" which made the scene what it was for him. These two considerations have not always been present to Miss Read. Neglect of the first sometimes causes her to degenerate almost to the level of a versified seed catalogue; failure to observe the second leaves the reader often with a feeling that the connexion between the picture she paints and the moral she draws from it is purely external; a result which is also perhaps partly due to a confusion of the theory of divine immanence, which was Wordsworth's, with the pantheism of the Logia, which is the subject of one of her poems.

The three other volumes (which are largely composed of reprints) do not call for detailed comment. Dr. Garnett's muse would fain sail "with supreme dominion through the azure deep of air"; but "yoke of public and of private care" confines him practically to the sonnet. Moreover he tells us that

As works her web the spider, I have wrung
An arduous music from my bosom,

and if the roughness of the music bears out this confession, Dr. Garnett's services in other fields of literature give it an interest which cannot be overlooked. Mr. Williams sings of modern Oxford. Modern Oxford is not a subject which lends itself to poetic treatment, and that which is unchanging in her seems to be rather beyond Mr. Williams' reach. His humorous poems are the most successful; but in this field Mr. Godley's frivolous muse reigns supreme, and Mr. Williams must be content with a second place. Lady Margaret Sackville is a verse-writer whose promise at present exceeds her attainment. The obvious difficulty with which she moves in the shackles of metre, and the peculiarities of her punctuation indicate only that she has no great experience in writing verse and in giving literary expression to her thoughts. But the strange dramatic poem "Dreams" shows that she possesses plenty of imagination, and the best of her pieces, "Weakness", (a reprint, in spite of our general rule) affords hope that she may eventually be admitted to the guild if she will patiently serve the apprenticeship.

It is not always taken as a compliment to call a poet

either sane or accomplished; but Mr. Legge is both these and yet not without poetic qualities. The Town Poems are better than the Country Verses and satiric verses better than either; but in all the inspiration is secondary and the reverence for versifying, as an art in itself, is excessive. Natural feeling is spoiled by the search for epigram and natural expression by affection for the smartness of the double rhyme. One has had enough, however clever it may be, of this:

Life rings the long recurring change
Of flower to seed and seed to flower
And Wisdom finds no further range
From Solomon to Schopenhauer.

With less rhyming, with fewer of Browning's affectations, with less consciousness of art and more willingness to sing there would have been more poetry. Men who will write verses when they could write poems are a disappointment to their friends.

Mr. Arkwright is another case in point. Two of the pieces in his muster justify his laying hands—"new hands" as he says—on the ancient lyre; for in two of them the real thing is there—there is something more than mere verse. The "Dedication" and "May and December" are poetry—the soul is there and the setting is good. The conceit of a May frost as a visit from December at May's invitation is pretty. But the other pieces in the volume may best be regarded as exercises—at any rate that is the kindest way to take them—but exercises should not be inflicted either on a reviewer or on the public. Why Mr. Arkwright should wish to prejudice the effect of his work by diluting the poetry with all this sheer versifying, it is difficult to see. We resent having to do this sifting for ourselves; we are neither schoolmasters nor college examiners. Let Mr. Arkwright preserve the two pieces we have named—destroy the rest, annihilate them if he can—and give the world more poems, equally living things with these two, and he will be doing real good, and secure his crevice in the poets' corner besides. So few verse books contain any poetry at all that we have not hesitated to give this much space to a very tiny one that does. We further append "May and December" *tel quel*, that Mr. Arkwright may be seen at his best:—

Whether in love or mockery meant,
May to December welcome sent.
December stole from his caverns white
And came in doubt under cover of night.
At the gate of the garden he took his stand,
May went down to him, held his hand;
Led him everywhere, showed him all,
Bud and blossom on trellis and wall,
Warm sap throbbing in sucker and shoot,
Small soft spheres just setting for fruit;
Even taught him at day's first sign,
To peer through a chink at the sleeping vine—
Then, for the eastern sky was red,
"They are lost who linger, fair maid," he said,
And back to his icebound empire fled.

The light of the newborn day revealed
Wondrous beauty in garden and field.
Never a leaf but a glittering gem,
Never a bough but a diadem.
May cried out, 'twixt pleasure and shame,
Sorrowful tears to her lashes came,
"O bountiful guest! I deemed thee cold,
And this thou givest is wealth untold!
"In every rosebud a ruby lies,
And even the daisies have opals for eyes."
So, marvelling greatly, and well content,
Hither and thither awhile she went.
Fear to her heart on a sudden smote;
Why were they silent, the linnet's throat,
The hum of the bees, and the blackbird's note?
Under a jewelled bough she stopped,
Blossom and bud had shrivelled and dropped!
Over a bird her hand she prest,
The mother lay dead in the new-filled nest!
Then she shuddered, for then she knew;
Up to her eyes her mantle drew
And sank to her knees in the frozen dew.
December still in his wintry way
Smiles a little at thought of May.
May still mourns—she has cause to remember—
Her one mad frolic with chill December.

THE REAL ARMENIA.

"Armenia: Travels and Studies." By H. F. B. Lynch. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1901. 42s. net.

NOBODY can read the story of this unhappy people, of its past glories and present misery, without reflecting upon the lesson engraved on the tombstones of so many former rulers of the world. What is left now of the Bulgar and the Serb, the Persian or the Arab? "Fuit Ilium": Armenia is strewn with relics of former greatness, but what was once an Empire is now a wilderness, and the descendants of those who lived in stately palaces now burrow among the rocks like conies. Their melancholy Odyssey is told from first to last in Mr. Lynch's volumes, which embrace the results of two arduous journeys in 1893-1894, and 1898, each extending over several months, through a country admittedly not easy, even of access. The author was accompanied by an expert photographic hand, a competent and indefatigable topographer and a Swiss mountain guide. Furthermore, in preparation for his travels he must have been at extraordinary pains to collate a mass of material from previous writers of divers dates, nations and tongues. He himself is evidently equipped for the task with powers of close observation, untiring industry, an impartial mind and considerable knowledge of the East. It is therefore not surprising that he has produced something much above the commonplace record of the ordinary travelling book-maker, and his "Armenia" will probably rank as the standard book on the subject for some time to come. This it well deserves to do, since it embodies the essence of ancient knowledge and modern research into the history of the Armenian Church and nation, together with a minute description of the geography and archaeological remains along the author's route. We are taken step by step, and almost hour by hour, with Mr. Lynch in all his wanderings, and he is generally very good company. But we feel sure that after a ten-hours' ride he did not sit down to launch into lengthy disquisitions on tumble-down churches, or on dead and forgotten kings, and it is a little hard on his readers to force them to swallow a hundred pages or so of indigestible ecclesiastical history or architectural minutiae between stage and stage on the road.

His first volume deals with Russian Armenia, and the second with Armenians in Turkey, since there is no Turkish Armenia. Each has an admirable chapter at the end, summing up the author's information and conclusions, but we should have preferred to have the book presented in two parts, the one of uninterrupted narrative and personal observations, and the other containing appendices on the ancient history of the Empire and Church, archaeology, geography and statistics. The occasional amusing passages where the author momentarily seems to forget himself, only quickly to pull up, and relapse into the somewhat verbose style which prevails throughout the body of the work, makes us feel that we should have liked a little more of Mr. Lynch and a little less of the guide-book.

When this has been said there is little but praise left to give. The story of the Armenian Church and the old Armenian kingdom is accurate and full. Perhaps a slightly false impression is conveyed in speaking of the Katholikos of Etchmiatsin as the head of the Church. In theory he is so, but practically the Patriarch at Constantinople is looked upon by the nation as their official representative and head, though in the hierarchy he ranks below the Katholikos of Etchmiatsin, Sis and Aghtamar. The last of these Mr. Lynch saw, and pictures as a decrepit, peevish old gentleman, waiting disconsolately to be laid in a tomb he had already prepared, surmounted by a fulsome epitaph in praise of the Sultan and himself. The party was permitted to roam about the old fortress of Kars and made a most successful ascent of Mount Ararat, which is related at length and illustrated by many fine photographs. The Russian system of dealing with dissident Christians is very clearly exposed, and an example is furnished by the Dukhobortsy village of Gorelovka, the story of whose colony is full of interest. But

it is not altogether easy to reconcile different passages depicting the status of Armenians under Russian rule. On one page we read "The situation is cruel in the extreme; from the Turkish provinces they are beaten back towards the Russian frontier by bands of long-beaked, predatory Kurds. Should they reach their asylum they are caught in the meshes of a quite impervious network, where they are sorted and sifted about by a swarm of active little officials, the police of the districts, the police of the towns, the political police". And it is not strange that he was assured by Armenians that of the two "Oppressions" they prefer the Turkish form, "physical and spasmodic", as opposed to the Russian, which is "moral and systematic". Nevertheless, later on, he says that he found the Armenians in Russia "in every trade and in every profession, in business, and in the Government service, without a rival, and in full possession of the field". Another statement which must be received with due respect, but which cannot fail to excite surprise, is that he considers the distinguishing quality of the Armenians to be "grit". The facts he seems to feel it necessary to adduce in substantiation point rather to intellectual grit, than to moral or physical, but are not without weight. The second volume is decidedly easier and better reading than the first. Perhaps the escape from Russia had a happy influence on the author's pen. On crossing the frontier he exclaims "Here were we, enlightened observers, exchanging order for disorder with rapturous delight. Independence is far preferable to feeling reasonably certain that you will not be knocked on the head by a Kurd". . . . "There is none of that feeling of quite irremovable pressure which in the Russian Provinces is already sealing the springs of human activity, as a noxious climate sits upon the lungs". And again: "Several massacres of Armenians have done less to exasperate them than the importation of Russian methods into their daily life". This was written in 1893, but his later visit in 1898, after the second butcheries, did not alter his opinion. The portions of the book which will appeal most to the man-in-the-street are those touching the massacres, Turkish modes of government and the attitude of Europe, past, present and to come, towards Armenia. On the massacres Mr. Lynch has not much to say, very wisely referring the reader to Blue Books. He states however, positively, that "all the talk about Moslems and Christians flying at each other's throats is mere talk, and very idle talk". Neither does he believe "that the revolutionary movement was either spontaneous in its nature, or indigenous in its growth, in the case of scattered Armenian communities, such as Sassun and Zeitun". He might well have added, what he leaves to be inferred, that the whole mischief was made by outside committees and isolated individual propaganda by over-educated and irresponsible visionaries. An hour or so from Broussa, close to Constantinople, may be seen an Armenian village, rich and prosperous, planted in the midst of a Moslem population, whose inhabitants have dwelt there in peace from time almost immemorial. Their only wish is to be left alone; their only fear to attract attention, be it that of amateur reformers, or of revolutionary emissaries. Twenty-five years ago most Armenian villages were equally tranquil, and the sufferings of the nation may safely be attributed, not to any increase in the ferocity of their rulers, but to the reckless and ill-advised action of a few turbulent spirits amongst themselves, and of their well-meaning but blundering European friends.

Throughout his travels in Turkish Armenia the author seems to have met with general kindness and courtesy, and it will be a surprise to some to read the high testimony given to most of the Turkish officials with whom he came in contact. Only twice did he experience any grave annoyance; once from an Armenian in the Russian police service, and once from a ruffianly Kurd. His concluding chapter contains an able and impartial analysis of the situation to-day, and it may be recommended to the serious study of all those interested in the future, not only of Armenia, but of the Ottoman Empire. A pregnant warning is contained in the lines: "The Turks should not forget that they are much more likely to succumb, as an empire, owing to defects

in the civil, rather than in the military arm". This is apropos of the unfortunate idea of imitating Cossack cavalry by raising the irregular Hamidieh horse, recruited from savage Kurds who are principally, if not alone, responsible for the state of misrule which renders life a burden, not only to Armenians, and native Osmanlis, but to all civil Turkish officials. In their military character, as soldiers of the Sultan, these miscreants escape the provincial authorities, and set at naught every principle of law and justice.

Mr. Lynch is not one of those physicians who diagnose a disease without exhibiting a remedy. What his remedy is the reader may be left to discover. It is certainly not to be sought in any scheme of reforms hitherto invented by the Concert of Europe. Of the qualifications of European statesmen and diplomatists Mr. Lynch has no high opinion. "Few indeed", he says, "at the present day are possessed of even an elementary knowledge of such-like Eastern problems". With this book in their hands, however, there can be no excuse for further ignorance amongst them, at least upon Armenia. Not the smallest attraction of these volumes is the abundance of really useful photographs of places where a camera is not often allowed to penetrate. Maps and plans in profusion illustrate each phase of the journey, and by far the most accurate and complete map of that part of Asia Minor yet published, the joint work of Mr. Lynch and Mr. Oswald, is mounted on linen, and fits into a cover-pocket. So far therefore as embellishment and subject-matter go, Mr. Lynch deserves the thanks of all lovers of books of travel, and students of the Eastern Question. He is so earnest, so sound and so thorough that it seems ungrateful to wish for a more natural and chastened style, but whilst recognising the merit of his historical narrative and of his expressions of personal opinion, we cannot but regret the too frequent exuberance of his descriptions, varied with such outbursts as his portrait of the village postmaster who opened the door to him at Shishtapa, for example. It is difficult to recognise our energetic, matter-of-fact explorer and scholar in such extraordinary passages as these, which are scattered freely through his pages, and are far from adorning them. However, as the Turks say, "Arpa ilan toz almali", or "We must take the dust with the barley".

NOVELS.

"La Bella' and Others." By Egerton Castle. London: Macmillan. 1901. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Egerton Castle's women appear to be moulded upon a single model, which perhaps may best be described as an admixture of Lilith and Becky Sharp. They have green eyes (as a rule), are admirably white and also wicked, and compel the most fervent embraces from cavalier-like persons who either have or have not the right to indulge their passing fancies. In the seven stories which Mr. Castle has collected into this book about half of the writing is concerned with these Lilith Rebeccas, and the other half is the more interesting. It is, indeed, a relief to know that in such a story as "The Son of Chaos"—perhaps the best story in the book—one will not turn over the page and find a "beauteous, ox-eyed dame" with a "natty foot", or a lithe, white, catlike matron in untanned boots casting "blood-red smiles" and "glass-green glances" at her fascinated adorers. Mr. Egerton Castle's men are always good when they fight; if there were more fighting and less wooing in these short stories he would have made a better book of it. As it is, Mr. Castle's pen flies out of the window when his women come in at the door, and the door opens much too frequently. The window is tight shut in "The Son of Chaos", and the result is a story excellent in conception and form, of which the central idea is the creation, to the accompaniment of booming discords and whistling bird-cries, of a grisly gosling-like fowl out of an uncanny bowl of elements. Fewer ardent embraces, and more swords out of the scabbard, and another obscene fowl or so would make

a really good collection of ten-thousand-word stories. This collection suffers from a sameness of incident and of women—but especially from a sameness of women.

"The King's Secret." By Richard Henry Savage. London: White. 1901. 6s.

This novel, if not actually "unique, fortunately unique", as the University tutor remarked when forced to utter some appreciation of the architectural style of a rival college, is at any rate unusual and unattractive in a high degree. The progress of the plot involves two continents, a period of some thirty calendar years, and relays of Republican heroes and blue-blooded European patricians in three successive generations. Driven from the Swedish Court by aristocratic though insidious intriguers, the chief hero of the earlier generation gains martial glory and considerable estimation in lofty quarters under the Stars and Stripes, and an assumed, though quite patrician, surname; and his son, when he and his traducers are dead and done for, is finally restored, with a star-eyed bride, to Sweden's ancestral glories under the patronage of the reigning sovereign in a way that may presumably be well calculated to tickle the Transatlantic palate. While a great merit in some of Colonel Savage's earlier stories was their virile and natural narrative, the paragraphic style of the present book is that of American "new journalism" with a positive eruption of meaningless exclamation marks. The book bristles with Scandinavian nomenclature, and has an unusual number of typographical errors. It is much to be hoped that the author will promptly and finally reconsider his new departure in fiction.

"The Lady of Lynn." By Sir Walter Besant. London: Chatto and Windus. 1901. 6s.

Sir Walter Besant was not a great novelist, but he was a good craftsman on the mechanical side, he knew his eighteenth century—or parts of it—and his easy writing did not make the proverbial hard reading. "The Lady of Lynn"—which is a far better book than "The Orange Girl"—can fairly be summed up as a sound mediocre specimen of his work. It is clean and in places amusing. There was a great heiress brought up in homely fashion in the little town of Lynn, and the young sailor who loved her and won her tells at considerable length the story of a successful plot to secure her fortune. The old stage convention is a little wearisome: John Pentecrosse writes with Sir Walter Besant's mannerisms, and could not possibly have known all the things he relates. But the story of the great scheme is well told. A ruined nobleman, in order to rehabilitate his fortunes by marrying the aforesaid heiress, engineers a design by which Lynn is made out to be a wonderful spa, and for one season becomes a centre of local fashion. The story does not really much matter, but the description of a kind of bogus Tunbridge Wells set up in Norfolk is excellent. And the book is far better holiday reading than most volumes expressly designed for the purpose.

"The Striking Hours." By Eden Phillpotts. London: Methuen. 1901. 6s.

If we interpret Mr. Phillpotts' title and explanatory quotation aright, they contain a veiled announcement that although the present stories affect the realism of dialect they frankly avoid the trivial round and common task in their selection of a subject. It is accordingly a fairly exciting variety of rural incidents, and no mere idylls, that is put into the mouths of the various village narrators. The locality chosen is once more the fringe of Dartmoor, upon the "good red earth" which has enlisted the author among its devotees, and the picturesqueness of the setting is well and not obtrusively indicated in the different narratives. Some dexterity is also shown in the introduction of local supernatural beliefs without unduly taxing the tender susceptibilities in such matters of the twentieth-century novel-reader. The best of the narratives have considerable pith and raciness, and the volume, unlike many recently published collections of short stories, is of fairly homogeneous quality, and has not the air of a mere scrapheap from the magazines.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Edwards in Scotland A.D. 1296-1377." By Joseph Bain. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1901.

Scottish history is coming in just now for a good deal of attention at the hands of those who are well qualified to write about it. The present volume, which consists of the Rhind Lectures in Archaeology for 1900, is certainly the work of a scholar. Mr. Bain's lectures were six in number, dealing with "Edward I.—in Scotland", "Edward I. and Bruce", "Edward I.'s Death—Edward II.", "Edward II.—Abdication—Edward III.", "Edward III.—Edward Balliol and David II.", together with a general introduction. We think that Mr. Bain might with advantage have revised certain portions of his lectures. He might, for instance, have left out of this volume the concluding sentences of his final lecture in which he thanks the Council for giving him a chance to revisit his native country and renew acquaintanceship with many old friends, &c.; for this is not history at all, and not, as Mr. Bain would readily admit, of any particular interest to the public in whose behalf presumably the book has been printed. It is a pity, moreover, that he could not wait until he was well enough to supply an index, or that he did not get some competent person to do one for him. For a book of this character, slim though it be, the index should be as indispensable as the title-page itself. But these defects must not blind us to the merits of the work, which are considerable. It is sound and most readable. Mr. Bain declares that he holds it as his province merely to collect and arrange the proper materials for the skilful literary treatment of such writers as Mr. Lang. Mr. Bain is over-modest: we are quite content with his own style of writing, which is clear and simple and not altogether without the distinction which he disclaims.

"The History of Italian Literature to the death of Dante." Translated from the German of Adolf Gaspary by Herman Oelsner. London: Bell. 1901. 3s. 6d.

It is a pity that the translator of this fragment of an exceptionally fine work has presented it to English readers under a title which will certainly be found misleading. The book is set before us as "Gaspary's Italian Literature to the Death of Dante." Gaspary wrote no such book. Had he designed a work terminating with the death of Dante he would certainly have so arranged it as not to exclude the compositions of Cino da Pistoja, which are not mentioned in this volume. Cino, it is true, was but a frigid poet. He received but few favours from his muse, who then as now disdained half-hearted lovers, and suspected the worthy jurist of loving his law books as much as he did her. Still, he was Dante's friend, and was praised by Dante. Whether the praise be just or only generous, yet Cino was a considerable figure in his age, and the omission to reckon with him condemns the title of this book. Of course the addition of another chapter of the original work would have removed this reproach, though it might have involved Mr. Oelsner, the translator, in other difficulties, all of which would have been best avoided by respecting the author's division into volumes. Yet, inaccurate though the title be, we are grateful for the book. We have waited for it nearly twenty years; and though Mr. Oelsner comes with only a fragment in his hand he is most welcome, and has done a good service with diligence and learning, making useful additions of his own to Gaspary's notes.

"Wall and Water Gardens." By Gertrude Jekyll. London: Newnes. 1901. 12s. 6d. net.

Another photograph book on gardens! The illustrations here seem to have been reproduced from a weekly paper, and as these things go they are certainly good specimens; but we are unfeignedly weary of the camera in literature. Surely photographs printed on both sides of every illustrated page will soon tire out even those who have eyes for nothing but snapshots. Miss Jekyll's notes are pleasant, and her mastery of the classical nomenclature of garden plants seems as complete as that of a head gardener. She would introduce into her water-gardens some of the charming flowers of the marsh and the bog and riverside, amongst others the butterwort one of the commonest and prettiest flowers of the wayside in various Continental countries, but too scarce in the South of England, and the little bog pimpernel. The last named is one of the overlooked plants of many of our marshes owing to its diminutive size and its modest habit of growth. It continues to grow in some spots very late in the summer, and may be looked for even in early September.

"S. Gilbert of Sempringham and the Gilbertines." By Rose Graham. London: Elliot Stock. 1901.

The number of women who have taken up the Final School of Modern History and the high places which some of them have won on the examiners' lists have been notable features of Oxford scholarship during the last decade. Miss Rose Graham of Somerville has turned her attention to the Order of Sempringham whose history has not hitherto been published. She has, as her footnotes show, consulted a great number of authorities, some such as Stubbs and Dugdale very accessible of course, but others very little known and on this subject, in some cases, probably not explored at all. S. Gilbert of Sempringham

was a far-famed figure of the Middle Ages, but to-day his very name is unknown to very many cultivated English people. He founded in the troublous reign of Stephen our single Monastic Order, which, as it never spread beyond this country, perished entirely at the Dissolution of the Monasteries. His church, however, is still in existence at Sempringham in Lincolnshire, and in some respects compares well even with the many fine specimens of Perpendicular work, which we meet with throughout the eastern counties of England.

"The Thirteen Colonies." By Helen Ainslie Smith. 2 vols. London and New York: Putnam's Sons. 1901. 12s.

An American account of the thirteen colonies that ultimately formed the United States is hardly likely to be an impartial or unbiassed work. As the "Edinburgh Review" once said, in such works New England represents the good, and Old England the wicked. Great Britain is the constitutional villain of this particular chapter of history. But for an American the present work is not unduly prejudiced, and may be accepted as a not unreasonable presentment of the facts of colonial history down to the Declaration of Independence. The writer has been at considerable pains to discover whatever serves to illustrate in a popular way the lives and thoughts of the colonists, and has made "a study of their statecraft, their business enterprise, and above all of their religion, which was so large a factor in the founding and in the maintenance of nearly all the colonies". The illustrations to the two volumes are very numerous and are not their least attractive feature.

"Bush-Whacking and Other Sketches." By Hugh Clifford. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1901. 6s.

Readers of "Maga" and "Macmillan's" will need no introduction to these delightful sketches of Far Eastern lands. Mr. Hugh Clifford is one of those gifted impressionist writers who know how by a few touches to convey to the imagination of others scenes with which he himself is familiar. Sitting in his own club window overlooking the triangle of Hyde Park Corner, his memory is carried away over jostling seas and to strange lands, and he finds himself in spirit once more in Malaysia experiencing his adventures over again. To his reader who has never been a hundred miles from Hyde Park Corner the picture he paints is only less real than that which Mr. Clifford conjures up for himself. Life in Malaysia is not exactly what life is in London, but he finds the men and women of the far-off forest wilds just as much men and women as Europeans, and to him they are all friends, whom he is anxious to make known to other friends in other lands.

"Palestine Exploration Fund" (Quarterly Statement). July 1901.

The chief interest in this quarterly statement is an article by Canon MacColl on the site of Golgotha. His article, if it does not absolutely prove the authenticity of the traditional site, at least proves the impossibility of the suggested new site. Canon MacColl has given a peculiarly lucid and convincing arrangement of the evidence.

THEOLOGICAL NOTICES.

"The Social Life of the Hebrews." (The Semitic Series.) By E. Day. London: Nimmo. 1901. 5s. net.

This book is hardly worthy of its subject; only a scholar of the first rank can collect and arrange such familiar data as those furnished by the Old Testament and at the same time make the conclusions he draws from them fresh and instructive. Mr. Day too often falls into the trap of merely telling the Bible stories in his own language, with comments as a rule unfavourable to the characters in them, and then thinking he is amassing sociological data. Again, in collecting and exhibiting these it is important to keep one's sense of proportion, to know what to mention and what to omit; Mr. Day is deficient here; amid a good deal that is valuable in his later chapters he chronicles much that is trivial and obvious; it does not after all add completeness to a disquisition on costume to inform us that the outer garment "when worn by the poor was of coarse cheap material; but the robes worn by the wealthy were frequently rich and costly"; nor are we the wiser for reading in connexion with education that "those who could afford to do so may have employed private instructors for their children"; or that in warfare the combatants before joining battle "raised a great cry or yell, a custom still in vogue, which has its psychological reasons as well as its extreme antiquity, which may be pled (!) in its favour". His criticism of the Old Testament Scriptures is of the most advanced type; all the early books have been so worked over by unscrupulous redactors that only the specialist can successfully disentangle the threads of old gold from the later and inferior materials; and when they are disentangled we have grave doubts as to whether they are gold at all. For Yahwism was apparently a sorry affair indeed until the prophets took it in hand; idolatry, human sacrifice, low moral standards, passion, hard, cruel and unreasonable arbitrariness were its characteristics; a follower of Yahweh "involved North Israel in a carnival of blood" (a rather mixed metaphor), and our author shakes his head sadly not only at Jehu but at many a better man, for his standard is a high one and very few of

the Old Testament heroes reach it; even the prophets do not satisfy him and he finds in Isaiah and Amos "an ascetic note that is not altogether healthful". In spite however of the platitudes and the extravagant criticism there are good chapters on such subjects as the clan, the family, the rise of nationalism, village and city life and so forth: yet there are points we are sorry he has passed over. There is hardly anything on that defective sense of individuality among the ancient Semites, on which Dr. Mozley laid such stress; nothing on deportation as a result of war; and a chapter on literature and education without a word as to the Hebrew's fondness for proverbs and his unrivalled power of uttering good ones. In style Mr. Day's speech bewrayeth him; the Book of the Covenant "expected considerable in the way of actual conduct"; he uses "back of" instead of "behind"; and "summation" and "supplementation"; but though we have these and other American words we are mercifully spared American spelling.

"The Risen Master." By H. Latham. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell. 1901. 6s.

Mr. Latham in this book pursues similar lines of thought to those which marked his earlier work "Pastor Pastorum"; though here his object is twofold, not only to represent the appearances of the risen Saviour as steps in a careful scheme for the spiritual education of the disciples, but also to prove the minute accuracy of S. John's account of the empty grave and the position of the grave clothes on the Resurrection morning. There is something refreshing in Mr. Latham's work. He is an author who studies and thinks for a long time before he writes; who thinks out things for himself instead of reproducing the hastily assimilated conclusions of others; who states his arguments deliberately and clearly and does not mind repeating himself if he can thereby make his point plainer; and who in consequence is clear, interesting and original. His method also is different from that of too many modern students; he does not labour to analyse the Gospel accounts of the Resurrection into a jumble of fragmentary or discordant traditions, but takes them for what they profess to be, and with a careful and often brilliant exegesis lets us see what a consistent history they present. Yet with all this he is a critic and an acute one; and his footnotes show that he has kept pace with modern research. Occasionally indeed his independence of thought makes him arbitrary and fanciful, and we can no more accept his interpretation of the behaviour of our Lord's "brethren" in this book than we could agree to his explanation of S. Peter's denial in "Pastor Pastorum." Yet even where we disagree with him we can always learn from him.

"Christian Conference Essays." Edited by A. G. B. Atkinson. London: Black. 1900. 5s. net.

These are essays contributed by clergymen of the Church of England and by ministers of other denominations, including Unitarians, in the hope that a restatement of the truth on liberal lines may assist in promoting unity amongst Christians; and we suppose that they are fairly representative of what a good many teachers both inside and outside our Church imagine the fundamentals of Christianity to be. Some readers may be apprehensive that the fundamentals of Christianity are perilously near being denied. Dean Fremantle appears to conceive the Divinity of the Saviour to lie mainly in His moral supremacy and His teaching, and he views with complacency the time when we may come to regard many things said about Christ by His votaries as extravagant and idolatrous. In Professor Henslow's essay on the Atonement the crucifixion hardly figures at all except as an example of love; the Atonement is identical with the Incarnation, or again is the union of man with fellow man, or of man with his own duty, through the example and grace of Christ. The higher criticism, it need hardly be said, is triumphantly preached throughout the book, and further reformation, if not complete abolition, demanded in regard to the Church's creeds. The essays however are unequal not only in merit but in the progressiveness of their theology; we doubt if Dr. Fremantle's position on the Divinity of our Lord would satisfy Professor Henslow. Dr. Agar Beet's paper on our debt to modern Biblical scholarship is a really fine piece of work.

"A Treatise on the History of Confession until it developed into Auricular Confession A.D. 1215." By C. M. Roberts. London: Clay. 1901. 3s. 6d.

The question of confession is ever with us, and there is no subject, even in theology, on which fanatics on both sides talk more wildly. We must beware of thinking that we have necessarily settled the rights and wrongs of a practice when we have traced its history; yet Mr. Roberts has done good service in compiling this short history of confession up to the epoch when at the fourth Lateran Council the Western Church made it obligatory for every Catholic to confess to his own priest at least once a year. The book will of course be distasteful to extremists on either side; we cannot but recognise that in the early Church there was an elaborate system of confession and penance for members who fell into grave sin, and that most of the Fathers strongly recommend penitent sinners to unburden their consciences to their clergy; while on the other hand the custom of a frequent confession embra-

cing all the secrets of the heart and the minor sins of daily life was a part of the *monastic* discipline, not of ordinary Church life; and periodical confession does not appear to be urged on the laity at all till well on in the eighth century. Mr. Roberts's style leaves room for improvement and his chapters give the impression of consisting of a number of independent paragraphs collected and sewn together; but his book will be useful for those who cannot study such works as Morinus and Lea.

"The Books of the New Testament." By L. Pullan. London: Rivingtons. 1901.

The liberal and progressive theologians have been writing so copiously of late that it is a change to read an introduction to the New Testament by a critic who is not only conservative but quite jubilantly conservative. Mr. Pullan's position however is not the result of prejudice or ignorance but of conviction; he claims in his preface to have made an ample use of recent critical investigation and he has really done so; the most modern critics receive attention but very scant mercy at his hands. They are branded as "sceptics", "rationalists", "non-Christian writers", "the opponents of orthodox Christianity" and so forth, and their theories are as a rule scornfully summarised and pitted against each other with a triumphant result for orthodoxy. This is a pity, because it gives a narrow and intolerant tone to a book which is an honest and useful piece of work, and contains a good deal of sound criticism; it would be, even with this drawback, valuable to many a reader who wished to study the question but was ignorant of Greek; the early chapters on the Synoptic Gospels are excellent, and the appendices contain some useful information. There is a misprint on p. 63 where an old Latin MS. is quoted as A instead of a.

"Faith and Folly." By J. S. Vaughan. London: Burns and Oates. 1901. 5s. net.

Monsignor John Vaughan and his "Faith and Folly" have already succeeded in producing quite an animated correspondence in the SATURDAY REVIEW; and they who have read his letters will have gained a fairly clear idea of his style and methods of argument. His book consists mainly of essays on apologetic subjects written in a tone of easy, indeed arrogant, assurance. It is perilous work to try and demonstrate the solemn truths of religion in this light-hearted manner; it may please the author, and satisfy those of his readers whose faith is already sure and who rejoice in cheap scores; but we doubt if it will convince any anxious soul, while the adversary will dismiss the book as claptrap and be hardened in his unbelief. There are two articles however on social problems which are written in better taste, though the author tends to spend too much time in demonstrating the obvious and the threadbare.

THE SEPTEMBER REVIEWS.

Lord Rosebery, we suspect, will not find the business of ploughing his own furrow so absorbing as to prevent him giving a little attention to the September Reviews. He may derive a hint from them as to the course he should pursue in both his own and his country's interests. In the "Fortnightly" "Calchas" addresses an open letter to him which tells him plainly that he must choose a part. He may have determined never voluntarily to return to the political arena: he will have to revise that decision, to abandon the rôle of independent critic, which is "reserved for Able Editors", and to adopt a course which has not the effect of scattering all who would be his adherents. He must identify himself with one party or the other. It would be sadly prosaic if he were to join the Unionists; nor must he dream of forming a new party. There is need of a Liberal party with a programme which shall be at once Imperial and domestic. "England," Calchas writes, "needs Lord Rosebery, if the clotted Philistinism of a vulgar and vaunting sense of Empire is to be dissolved." Fifteen years ago, "Blackwood" reminds us, Mr. Gladstone declared Lord Rosebery to be "the man of the future"; "a man of the future he remains to-day"—with a shorter time for the fulfilment of his destiny. What is the cause of Lord Rosebery's isolation? "Blackwood" is of opinion that he was both the creation and the creature of Mr. Gladstone, and that political salvation could come to him as it came to Mr. Chamberlain only by throwing off "the heavy allegiance."

If Mr. Sidney Webb is right, that is what Lord Rosebery has now done. In an article in the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. Webb explains that Lord Rosebery has escaped from the Houndsditch of Gladstonian rags and patches. He is tired of the atomic conceptions of Radicalism, and in Mr. Webb's view realises that the reason why the present Government is kept in office is that a worse thing might befall—"a Government of Gladstonian ghosts. And until an alternative Government that has thoroughly purged itself of Gladstonian Liberalism comes in sight the 'Cecil dynasty', as the Radical papers love to call it, will reign *faute de mieux*". To the man in the street, says Mr. Webb, Lord Rosebery and Sir Edward Grey offer no advantages over Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, and he asks "What steps would this alternative Government take to insure the rearing of an Imperial race?" What steps indeed

can they take if they are as high and dry above the bulk of the Gladstonian relics who constitute all that exists of an opposition, as Mr. Webb suggests? They have few followers, and the politicians who agree with them are mainly in the Unionist camp. That Sir Edward Grey's views on the Imperial question have undergone no weakening, his vigorous statement in the "National Review" of the causes of the South African war affords striking proof. The persons who think their country in the wrong in any quarrel must happily, Sir Edward points out, ever be in a minority and they have only to get control of affairs to be undeceived and disappear. There is little of the visionary about Sir Edward Grey. He is not one of the dreamers of the Bloch school. M. Jean de Bloch reappears in the "Contemporary" with a long article on the wars of the future. When he says that "the romance of war has vanished into thin air with its gaudy uniforms, unfurled banners and soul-stirring music", we agree, but his general conclusions seem to be vitiated by a vague sort of idea that Great Britain has practically been beaten in South Africa. He does not say so, but he insists on the advantages we have enjoyed and the disasters we have suffered, his object being to show that wars between Great Powers must henceforth be impossible. The South African war certainly does not bear out that conclusion, unless the conditions of war between Great Powers are to become identical with those which have obtained in South Africa.

"The pride of independent nationality must gradually give way to the pride of being members of the great confederations", writes Mr. E. Wake Cook in the "Contemporary Review", a proposition to which neither pro-Irishmen nor pro-Boers will subscribe. To a "strong and loyal federal Parliament", following a certain modification of existing boundaries and the division of Cape Colony into Eastern and Western self-governing sections, Mr. Iwan Muller looks in the "Fortnightly" for the only satisfactory settlement of South Africa. In Ireland as well as in South Africa the future is far from bright. "Blackwood" discovers "symptoms of the recrudescence of agrarian agitation and outrage", and the Irish members will certainly be restive under the menace of a redistribution scheme which would reduce their numbers in Parliament to their proper proportion. Mr. Edward Dicey in the "Nineteenth Century" advocates drastic measures for getting rid of "the Irish Nuisance". He would introduce legislation dealing equally with all parts of the United Kingdom, and gets over the difficulty presented by the Act of Union with the remark that if the Act is never to be modified, "it is impossible to understand how votes by ballot, household suffrage, the disestablishment of the State Church, the alterations of the relations between landlords and tenants and any number of similar acts never contemplated at the time of the Act of Union have been made law in Ireland without her representatives protesting against them as violations of the compact by which Ireland was indissolubly incorporated in the United Kingdom".

Foreign politics do not enter as largely as might be expected into the consideration of reviewers, and Mr. W. B. Duffield in the "Monthly" is almost alone in drawing attention to the possibilities of the near future. That Italy's position as a member of the Triple Alliance is one of some delicacy and difficulty is certain, and Mr. Duffield explains at length her case against her allies. He advocates the cultivation by Italy of an understanding with France and economic concentration. Signor Crispi, he says, "would have been on the whole more wisely inspired if on his second advent to power he had not allowed himself to be led astray by his leaning towards England, to refuse the offer by France of a highly beneficial commercial treaty in consideration of abandoning the arrangement with us in the Mediterranean. Like ourselves Italy has suffered from a want of business-like Imperialism". A fuller examination of Crispi's aims and ideas is made in the "Contemporary" by Signor Paolo d'Albàro. Crispi and King Humbert failed in their attempt to realise their dreams of an African Empire, and their failure, says Signor d'Albàro, blinded people to "the grandeur" of their conception of "a new school of discipline and victory for new generations" in which African adventure would have its part. Mr. Duffield's verdict is that which history will possibly deliver; Signor d'Albàro's that which all Italians eager to see Italy resume her ancient traditions will endorse.

Is Great Britain living on her capital? Mr. W. H. Mallock—who by the way starts an exhaustive investigation in the "Fortnightly" into the present relation of science and religion—in the "Monthly" controverts the conclusions of the author of "Drifting" as laid down in the "Contemporary" during the past month or two. Though we do not accept the author in question as anything more than the most superficial and opportune of economists, we must confess that Mr. Mallock's criticisms do not bring us much comfort. British Trade Returns for years past have been reassuring mainly to our foreign competitors, and Mr. Ernest Williams in an article in the "National Review" entitled "Made in Germany—Five Years After" is unhappily entitled to claim credit for true prophecy. In the interval, Germany has become as formidable a rival as was anticipated, and the United States have gone ahead still faster. Will England, asks Mr. Williams, defend

herself? Let Germany and America progress industrially as rapidly as their inventive skill and the ability of their workmen will permit, but it is time that we took steps to see that their progress should not be wholly at our expense. The deficiencies as an economist of the author of "Drifting" do not justify optimism as to the future of British trade.

To turn to the lighter articles in the Reviews: in the "National" Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, in the "Fortnightly" Mr. Charles Benham, and in the "New Liberal" Princess Catherine Radziwill all deal with the late Empress Frederick, the most personal of the three sketches being the last. Mr. Benham hints, rather than draws, an ingenious comparison between the position of the Prince Consort in England and that of his eldest daughter in Germany. In the "National" Mr. Leslie Stephen writes on Anthony Trollope and in the "Nineteenth" Mr. W. F. Lord discusses Lord Lytton's novels. Mr. Lord traces the secret of Lytton's success to the fact that he carried on in prose the Byronic tradition. "Lytton like Byron contrived to envelop himself and his works in a romantic atmosphere, where both the author and his creations looked far grander than they were in reality." In the "Monthly" Mr. W. B. Yeats makes confession of a belief in "Magic"; in the "New Liberal" Mr. E. F. Benson—needless to say an enthusiastic golfer—appraises the superior social value of golf when weighed against other pastimes; in "Blackwood" Mr. Stephen Gwynn gives an account of his experiences with the pilchard fleet off Looe, which "during half the year lives by pilchard, thrives by pilchard, speaks of pilchard, reeks of pilchard, thinks of pilchard, stinks of pilchard". An article on "Cricket Records" in the same magazine discounts the credit attaching to some record-makers especially in bowling, the writer contending perfectly reasonably that a large number of wickets taken for a small number of runs does not necessarily point to a great bowling feat. That is especially the case where bowling records are made on practically unplayable wickets. The Bishop of Calcutta in the "Empire Review" while urging that missionaries should avoid conflicts with the State, makes a plea for the "open door" for missionary enterprise in the Far East. In "Longman's Magazine" Mr. George Paston affords us some glimpses of "eighteenth-century London through French eyeglasses", and the Rev. John Vaughan shows what the early botanists thought of Essex.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

La Cina. Par Louis Bertrand. Paris: Ollendorff. 1901. 3f. 50c.

Although M. Louis Bertrand is careful to explain in his preface that his characters are wholly fictitious they nevertheless come to us as exceptionally accurate and brilliant studies of one or two notorious personages in Algiers. Carmelo, the anti-Semitic journalist and agitator, strongly resembles in brutality Max Régis, the late Mayor. Their campaign is identical. The appalling riots provoked by Carmelo in which Jews are beaten to the ground and their shops are ransacked have taken place quite recently. Anti-Semitism, in fact, is the keynote of this remarkable book, and we can scarcely believe that M. Bertrand, in writing it, has relied more upon his imagination than upon impressions gained at first hand in the street. At all events "La Cina" is a highly realistic volume, conveys in parts the idea of having been "vécu"; is more a series of sketches than a story. Perhaps the only unlife-like person in the book is "La Cina" herself—for she, an emotional and a beautiful Italian, is strangely out of place in M. Bertrand's scheming, savage sphere; the romance between her and Michel Botteri can only have been introduced to provide the "love interest", refreshing interludes. Even Michel Botteri becomes exasperated at times over her fantasies. His object in leaving France was to superintend the property left him by his father in Algiers, to study the people, and be elected deputy, and so with the arrival of new interests, new anxieties, his passion for "La Cina" cools. No sooner does he interview his constituents than he becomes seized with a horror of anti-Semitism; but his friends bid him make an ally of Carmelo—for Carmelo is popular, Carmelo is beloved of ignorant people because he, after the manner of agitating anti-Semites, cunningly announces that his one aim is to protect them against "thieving" Jews. The meeting between Carmelo and Botteri is powerfully conceived. Although the agitator employs the subtlest stratagems, infinite eloquence, Botteri cannot bring himself to join in the infamous persecution. Moreover, next day, when a fearful riot takes place, Botteri saves an old, old Jew from assassination; and, later on, at a dinner party, loudly denounces the cowardice and savagery of the authorities in Algiers. Here, M. Bertrand is at his strongest; nothing could be finer than Botteri's appeal to the Archbishop of Algiers, a mercenary, crafty person; and to his Vicaire Général, a hypocrite. Passionately, he cries: "Vous compromettez? Vous avez peur de vous compromettre en faisant votre devoir! . . . Mais c'est indigne, monsieur! Votre devoir à vous, Monsieur le Vicaire Général, qui officiez si bien, qui avait une prestance si imposante, c'était de vous jeter dans la mêlée, un crucifix à la main. . . . Oui, avec un crucifix!"

... de vous mettre entre les victimes et les bourreaux." Botteri is an excellent Catholic, and so the Vicaire Général excuses him; but the refusal of his Church to condemn the Jewish massacres publicly, to attempt to prevent them, gives Botteri a bitter blow—for weeks he is haunted by the horrible scene, the cries. Of course, his intervention is fruitless. Algiers is fiercely anti-Semitic; and the riots continue, the Government officials fearing them, the Archbishop calmly tolerating them, Carmelo and his followers feverishly inciting the multitude to commit the most heinous atrocities. Thus, three-quarters of M. Bertrand's book; but, among other interesting characters, we may single out the Prince de Lamballe whose dream it is to see the Jews exterminated, the French Republic upset, and England in the hands of the enemy, devastated. He, a decrepit old creature, half blind and wizened, may be seen smiling upon the rioters, crying "À bas la République" and "Mort aux Juifs". His eyes shine when a Jew is thrown to the ground, trampled upon; but his bitterest words are directed against England. However, Claude Gelée, Botteri's friend and afterwards his political agent, is a colourless character. He, no more than "La Cina", is necessary to the book; and his quarrel with Botteri seems to us unnatural. Here and there, M. Bertrand presents vivid descriptions of Algiers scenery, and his picture of Marseilles at night is admirable. The Italians, Spaniards and Maltese in Algiers are all powerfully portrayed. The style is strong if not exactly cultured. We have no hesitation in most cordially recommending M. Bertrand's book.

(Continued on page 312.)

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Les Vingt et Un Jours d'un Neurasthénique. Par Octave Mirbeau. Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle. 1901. 3f. 50c.

From the following quotation, it will not be difficult to determine what M. Octave Mirbeau's witty chapters disclose:—"L'été, la mode, ou le soin de sa santé, qui est aussi une mode, veut que l'on voyage. Quand on est un bourgeois cossu, bien obéissant, respectueux des usages modernes, il faut, à une certaine époque de l'année, quitter ses affaires, ses plaisirs, ses bonnes paresseuses, ses chères intimités, pour aller, sans trop savoir pourquoi, se plonger dans le grand tout. Selon le discret langage des journaux et des personnes distinguées qui les lisent, cela s'appelle un déplacement, terme moins poétique que voyage, et combien plus juste! . . . Certes, le cœur n'y est pas toujours à se déplacer, on peut même dire qu'il n'y est presque jamais, mais on doit ce sacrifice à ses amis, à ses ennemis, à ses domestiques, vis-à-vis desquels il s'agit de tenir un rang prestigieux, car le voyage suppose l'argent, et l'argent toutes les supériorités sociales." So M. Mirbeau conducts us to the seaside, to sulphur springs, to country spots where, more or less uncomfortably, the Parisian passes his holidays among provincial people and foreigners. Most wittily does he reveal and comment upon all the little drawbacks of such a "déplacement"; the little worries. Moreover, he is merciless over the "bourgeois cossu" and his family; over the vanities of women, the follies of children. In fact, there is no peace; Paris is quieter than any "plage", no Parisian when on the boulevards loses his temper, gossips, spoils his digestion as he does when seen idling at the seaside. July and August are the most anxious, the most exhausting months in the whole of the year; are responsible for innumerable quarrels, constant discomforts, countless grey hairs. All this M. Mirbeau says and proves most cleverly, but the most brilliant feature of the book is the dialogue. Dull people, flippant people, pompous people, ignorant people, malicious people—all these and a dozen other typical seaside visitors gossip characteristically before us. We have met them all, and so cordially corroborate M. Mirbeau's account of them. At no time does he exaggerate the depression of their existence, the appalling banality of their talk. Each sketch is clear, precise; nothing could be subtler than the humour, the occasional cynicism, the style.

Nouveau Journal Inédit de Marie Bashkirtseff, suivi des Lettres de Maupassant-Bashkirtseff. Paris: Edition de "La Revue". 1901. 3f. 50c.

This, of course, is not as long a diary as its predecessor; the volume is made up essentially of fragments. And the advisability of publishing the "journal" is an open point. For our part we cannot be interested in Marie Bashkirtseff's account of a new dress; nor in her interminable and very often empty reflections, her quite ordinary conversations with not always remarkable people, her eternal complaints. Then, her vanity is as pronounced as ever; we are not entertained by her enumeration of vapid lovers, "le jeune L—", &c. We become exasperated, restless; we fret. However, in our quality as reviewers, we must expect to hear more and more about Marie Bashkirtseff until our eyes become dim, until our fingers tremble too much to hold a pen. Someone will always have another "fragment" to produce; soon there will be a Marie Bashkirtseff literature—with dictionary and all the rest. It is no use protesting; we must bear with the meddlesome admirers of Marie Bashkirtseff. As for the letters, they are, to say the least, mediocre; consist only of a few pages gay at times on Maupassant's part, rarely interesting on his ambitious correspondent's. Facsimiles of both handwritings are given, showing "blots". But we are not thrilled; there is nothing remarkable about the blots. Portraits follow, and photographs of certain pictures. The paper is good; the book is well printed and is accompanied by the usual enthusiastic "puff".

Leur Fille. Par Jean de Ferrières. Paris: Ollendorff. 3f. 50c.

An early story by the brilliant author of "Une Ame Obscure". There is undoubted grimness in everything M. de Ferrières writes; and here we find a charming girl suddenly discovering that a liaison exists between a friend of the family and her mother. The situation is made all the more tragic by the fact that the friend—"l'Ami" as he is affectionately called—has ever enjoyed the confidence of father and daughter. However, the daughter bids the friend begone; and powerful chapters follow. All three miss "l'Ami", who was so gentle, so devoted; and the daughter begins to think that the liaison was no common one. The father frets; the mother fades; the daughter herself has a love affair, but is abandoned. And the house is gloomy . . . without "l'Ami". Eventually the daughter hears that the friend is lying on his death-bed near by, and tells her mother. Both go to "l'Ami"; the farewell is wonderfully conceived. Then, when the friend is no more, the daughter steals away, leaving behind her mother. Each character is a convincing creation. Our sympathies rest with all four; "l'Ami" is in no sense a bad man, only a rather weak man, and the love affair is at no time sensuous, vulgar. Moreover, it was a love affair of years and years—seemingly inevitable, in the circumstances natural. Once again we would pay a tribute to M. de Ferrières' perfect style, his fine sense of construction. He has done nothing that is not entirely artistic.

Tranquillement. Par Valentin Mandelstamm. Paris: Ollendorff. 1901. 3f. 50c.

A volume of verse of the kind that appears constantly in Paris: rarely powerful, usually melancholy, always musical. M. Valentin Mandelstamm is something of a sceptic, is given to despairing. In "Avis" he bids us disbelieve in everything and everybody; there is always an awakening. In "Tristesse", he is at his best: the tone of the book may be judged from these lines—

Un soupir sans fin, profond comme un puits !
Et comme en un puits il fait noir en moi :
Oh ! l'attendrissant et piteux émoi.
Je voudrais rêver un peu. Je ne puis.

Idylle Rouge. Par Adolphe Chenevière. Paris: Lemerre. 1901. 3f. 50c.

Gilford is an anarchist who has studied Kropotkin, who is for ever expounding terrific theories. But, at heart, he is an amiable soul, quite incapable of throwing a bomb or planning an assassination. Although he is an electrician in a gay theatre, "il se fait une règle de chasteté". And when at last he falls in love with a beautiful actress, he suffers, struggles, determines at last to break his vow. However, he is taken for a burglar when he enters the actress's house one night, and arrested. Months later, he dies . . . but not before the actress has embraced him. The story is powerful in parts, and Gilford is an interesting creation. But why is there not more about anarchy?

La Fondation et l'Histoire de la Banque d'Angleterre. Par A. Andréadès. Paris: Rousseau. 1901.

The history of the English Bank from its foundation in 1694 up to 1844 is traced in great detail. There is much skill of a very French character in the aptitude with which the history of the country and the bank are amalgamated. The quoted authorities show the historical thoroughness of the work but the author has happily dominated his material. It is not often that a book so valuable for reference is so interesting to read.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 1^{er} sept. 3f.

The opening article on "Les Tendances nouvelles de l'Armée Allemande" is an extremely ingenious if naïf attempt to show that if she wishes France may train soldiers that shall conquer the world. Conscription is necessary for the acquiring of the best material and future wars will demand soldiers of personal intelligence and absolute devotion to their chief. In these respects, such is the argument, French soldiers are likely to be unapproachable. The number contains a critical article on Nietzsche's principle of "non-morality", a graceful descriptive article on Viterbie and another on the Channel ports of France, and the Vicomte G. d'Avenel discusses the philosophy of the theatre in his second article on "Le Mécanisme de la Vie Moderne."

Revue Britannique. 28 août. 5f.

The place of honour is occupied by an admirable account of the principal events that took place during Queen Victoria's reign. With infinite dignity the author pays a tribute to the great qualities of the Queen, giving instances of her invariable kindness, her consummate tact. The concluding passage is eloquent; and the correspondence from foreign lands is, as ever, interesting.

For This Week's Books see page 314.

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